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THE
EXORCIST
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BAG



"IF THE DEVIL MAKES YOU DO IT"

MAD

NO. 22

DECEMBER 2021

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Jason Edmiston

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

COVER ART FOR MAD #170
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED, OCT 1974
ARTIST BOB CLARKE

CONTENTS



There are three methods of taking care of trick-or-treat pranksters on Halloween. The first is to go to a movie and leave the house dark, which is even more cowardly. The third method is to place. Now, MAD proposes a fourth method, a new way of dealing with Halloween

THE MAD H TRICK-OR-T

WRITER FRANK JACOBS ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

Tradition-bound Halloween pranksters who toss garden gate up into tree (1) find that gate shakes down torrent of rotten tomatoes balanced on branches.



Halloween prankster (2) who overturns garbage can is surprised to discover that falling lid removes muzzle and frees vicious dog hidden inside can.



Prankster planning to leave stinkbomb in mailbox (3) is greeted by swarm of bees attracted to honey released all over him when he lifted mailbox lid.



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #43, DEC 1968

Prankster pulling old pin-in-doorbell gag (4) is shocked when he finds out that he now completes a circuit with the electrically-wired "Welcome" mat.

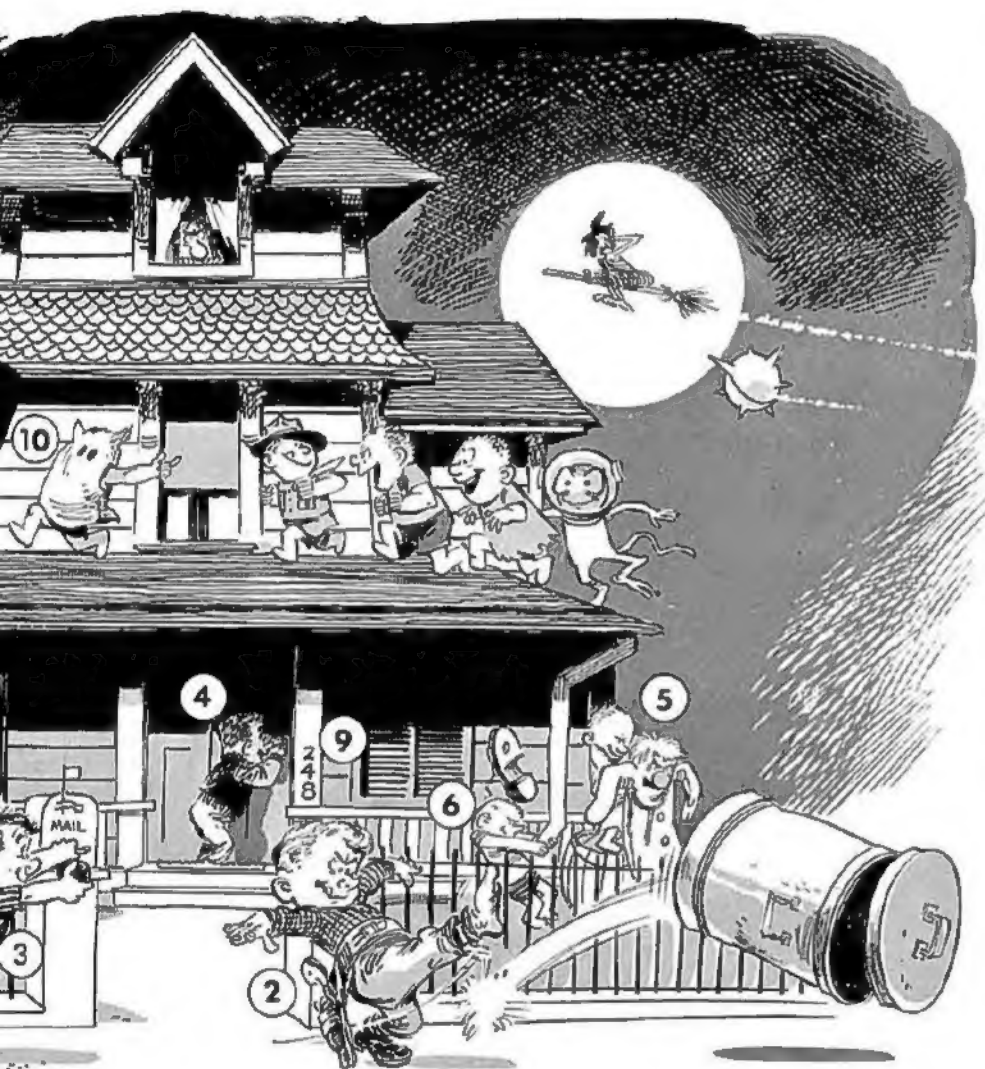


Prankster planning to hang home-made dummy from roof climbs on rain barrel (5), finds phony top is made of balsa wood, and barrel is filled with glue.

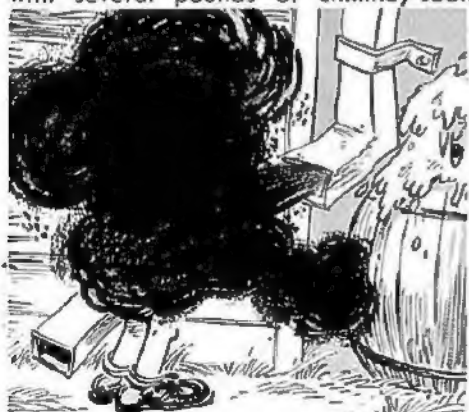


The first method is to give them what they want, which is cowardly. The second method is to refuse to answer the doorbell, which is downright stupid because they'll wreck the house. Pranksters. Instead of falling for the old trick-or-treat bit, you surprise them with the...

HALLOWEEN TREATMENT



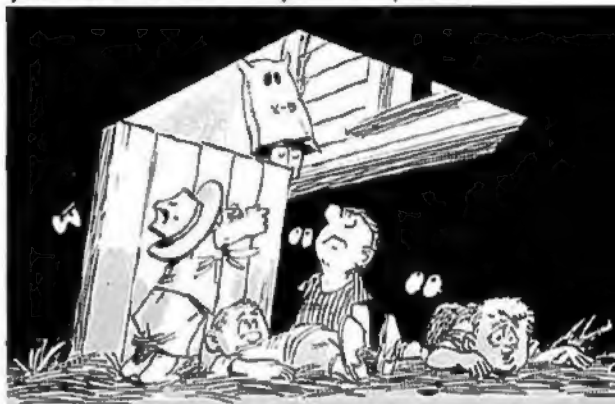
Prankster who decides to remove lower section of drainpipe (6) is shocked to discover upper section is filled with several pounds of chimney-soot.



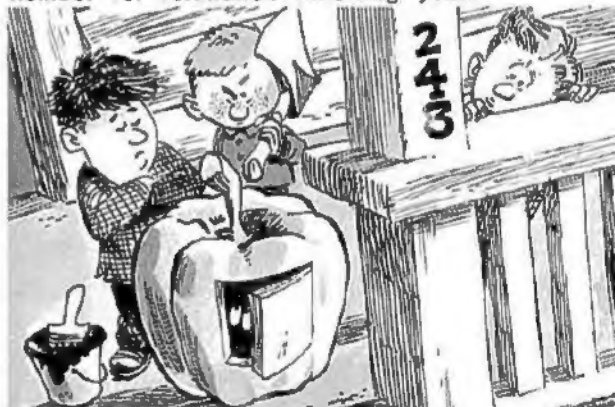
Prankster aiming to dump rotten eggs down chimney (7) finds it is made of paper maché with catapult inside that hurls splattered eggs back in his face.



Prankster (10) is no prankster at all, but actually counter-prankster hired by home-owner to direct unsuspecting pranksters toward traps and pitfalls.



House number (9) has been temporarily changed from actual 243 to 248 which prevents pranksters from remembering number for retaliation following year.



Old window-soaping routine (8) gets sudden new twist when prankster finds glass is only cellophane and momentum carries him through into tub of tar.





Remember the good old days when Hollywood used to make horror movies about vampires, werewolves, zombies, seventy foot apes and other assorted monsters? Let's face it, they were all disgusting creatures, but there was still something kinda harmless and loveable about them. Well, those days are gone forever. Today's film makers have come up with something *really* disgusting. Yessiree, you screamed at "Frankenstein," you shrieked at "Dracula" and you shuddered at "King Kong," but take it from us . . . those guys were all a bunch of pussycats when compared to . . .

GESUNDHEIT!



THE E

Hello! I am Father Merry . . . a Catholic Priest in charge of this archaeological excavation project here in the Middle East . . . where we are searching for ancient religious artifacts!

Dig . . . my Arab children! Keep digging until we find something important!

We're digging! Stop bugging us!

Yeah, Father! No kidding! You're getting to be a pain in the neck!

Hear how they talk to me? But, I will not despair! You think it's tough for Priests to get MOSLEMS to obey them? You should see the problems we have with CATHOLICS nowadays!

What in heck are we looking for, anyway, Abdul!

The answer to the second greatest mystery of all time!

The SECOND?! What's the NUMBER ONE greatest mystery?

Why a picture about a horrible thing that happens to a little girl in Washington, D.C., spends the opening fifteen minutes on a dumb mountainside here in Iraq!

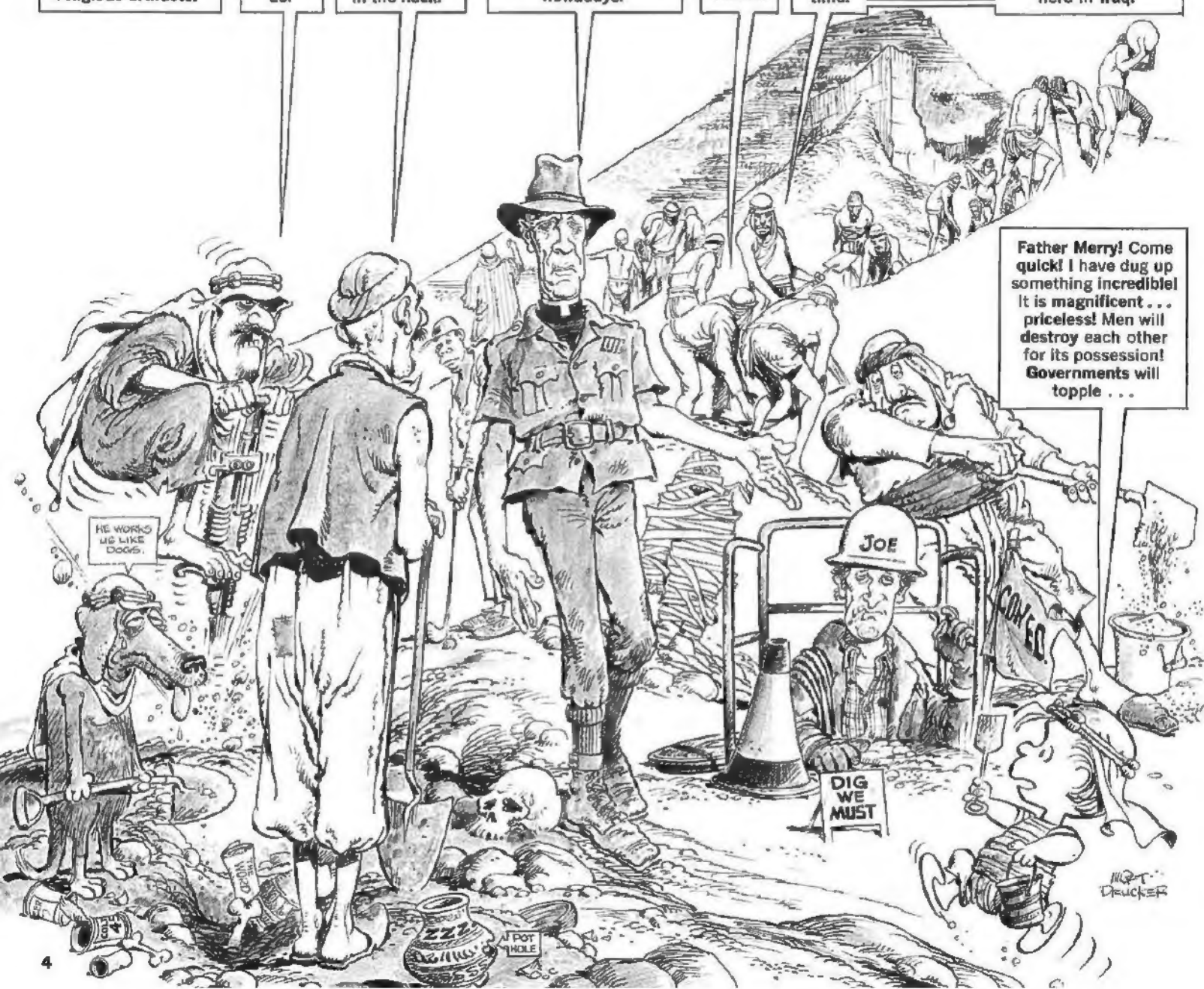
Father Merry! Come quick! I have dug up something incredible! It is magnificent . . . priceless! Men will destroy each other for its possession! Governments will topple . . .

HE WORKS US LIKE DOGS.

JOE

DIG WE MUST

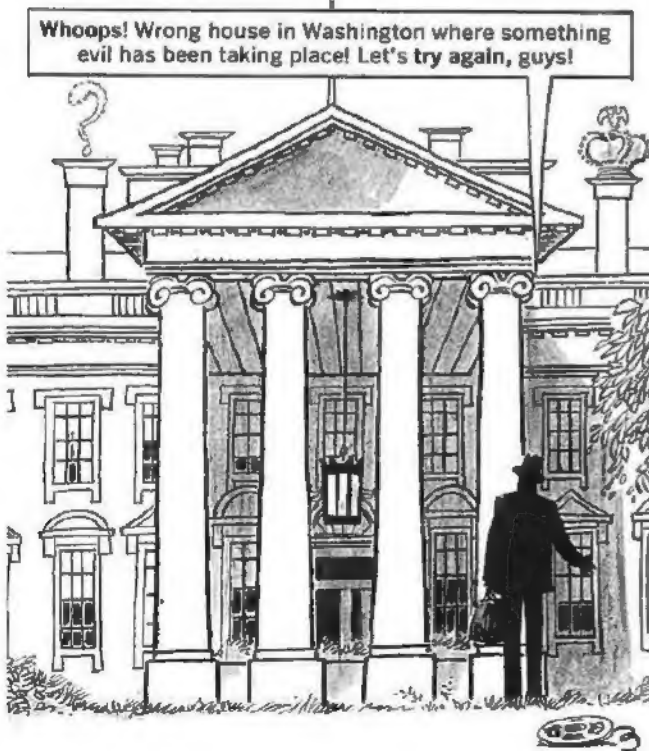
MET DRUCKER





CCHORCIST

WRITER LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST MORT DRUCKER



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #170, OCT 1974



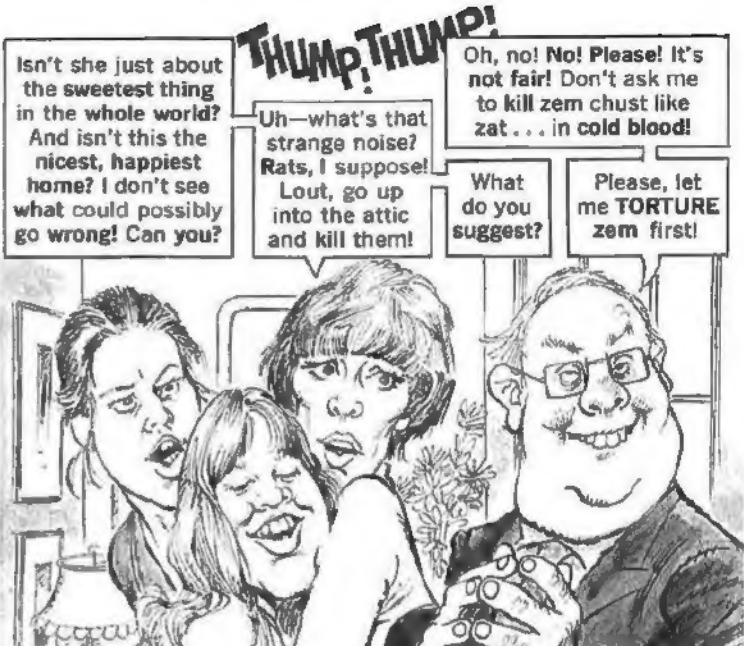


Hi, sweet Mumsy! Hi, loyal servants!

There's my little darling! Hello, Ravin dear ...

Ooh! Isn't she cute and irresistible! I must hug her this very instant!

No, no! Me first! Chust vun hug! Undt zen maybe a little pinch to draw blood! I'm entitled to some pleasure, too!



Isn't she just about the sweetest thing in the whole world? And isn't this the nicest, happiest home? I don't see what could possibly go wrong! Can you?

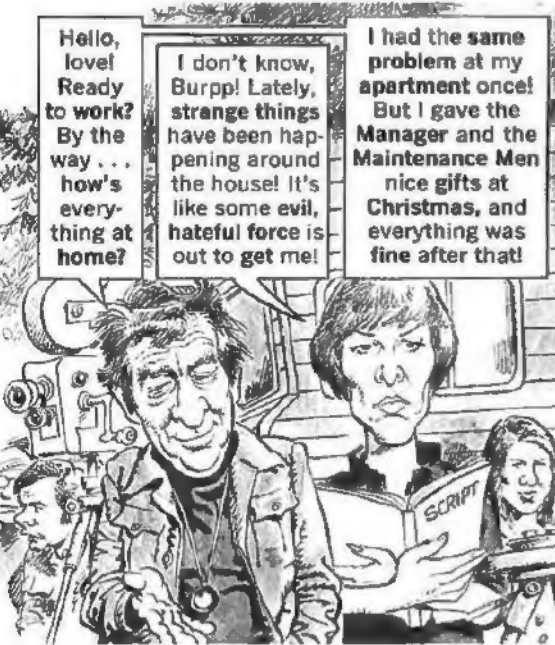
THUMP, THUMP!

Uh—what's that strange noise? Rats, I suppose! Lout, go up into the attic and kill them!

Oh, no! No! Please! It's not fair! Don't ask me to kill zem chust like zat ... in cold blood!

What do you suggest?

Please, let me TORTURE zem first!



Hello, love! Ready to work? By the way ... how's everything at home?

I don't know, Burpp! Lately, strange things have been happening around the house! It's like some evil, hateful force is out to get me!

I had the same problem at my apartment once! But I gave the Manager and the Maintenance Men nice gifts at Christmas, and everything was fine after that!



I guess it's nerves! With my Husband away, I'm so lonely! Oh, Burpp ... I need a man so badly!

Oh, God ... so do I!!

All right, kids! Places, please! Ready for the big campus scene!



Okay, students! Let's storm the Administration Building!

Show the pigs we mean business!

Down with the fuzz!

Burn, baby! BURN!



I can't believe it, Burpp! It's almost incredible! I never thought anyone could actually DO it ...!

What? Direct such a compelling film?

No! Make a 1968 movie in 1974!



I'm rushing home to sweet little Ravin now! But I always enjoy walking past this church! There's something so solid and reassuring about it, standing there, steeped in its 2000-year-old traditions!

Okay, buddy! What's hassling you lately?

I just can't seem to get it together lately! I mean with the Big Dude In The Sky! I'm so uptight! Maybe religion just isn't really my bag!

Look ... I'm gonna lay it on you! Get your head straight and cool it! You dig?

Don't you miss the good old days, Agnes ... when our Priests spoke a language that we could all understand?

Yes ... LATIN!



Hello, Ravin, darling! What did Mommy's sweet little girl do today?

Well, I sewed a dress for my dolly, I gave my puppy a bath, and now I'm communicating with a dead spirit...

Silly ninny, playing with a Ouija Board! Don't you know those things don't work! It is impossible for a living being to communicate with the dead! It just can't be done! Do you understand that, dear?

Yes, Mommy!

Good! Now were there any messages for me today?

Grandma called, your Agent called, your Insurance Man said to phone him, and Benedict Arnold sends his regards!

Now, cut that out!!

Will Burpp be at the party that you're giving tomorrow night? I love him so much!

He's like a second Daddy to you, huh?

Well, let's say a second MOMMY!

What a great party, Crass! Look at all the celebrities! Actors, Congressmen... why, I even recognize the guy in the glen plaid suit! That's Kip Klipp, the Astronaut!

Hey! Who is that guy... playing the piano?

Father Dooley! He's new around here! He just got the call!

From the Archdiocese in Washington?

No... from Caesars Palace in Las Vegas!

I used to work in Chicago—

Ravin! Why do you look so EVIL? And what are you DOING?!!

You're gonna DIE up there...

Who are you?

I'm a Priest who's booked to play Las Vegas!

You're gonna die up there, too!

My child! That's a terrible thing to say to an Astronaut!

What an awful thing she just did! I mean, I've seen people throw up when I'm playing, but...

Stick around! she does a lot of THAT later on, tool

I don't get it! Why did she commit such a disgusting act?!!

Ooo-ee! If she says, "The DEVIL made me do it!"—I'll SUE!

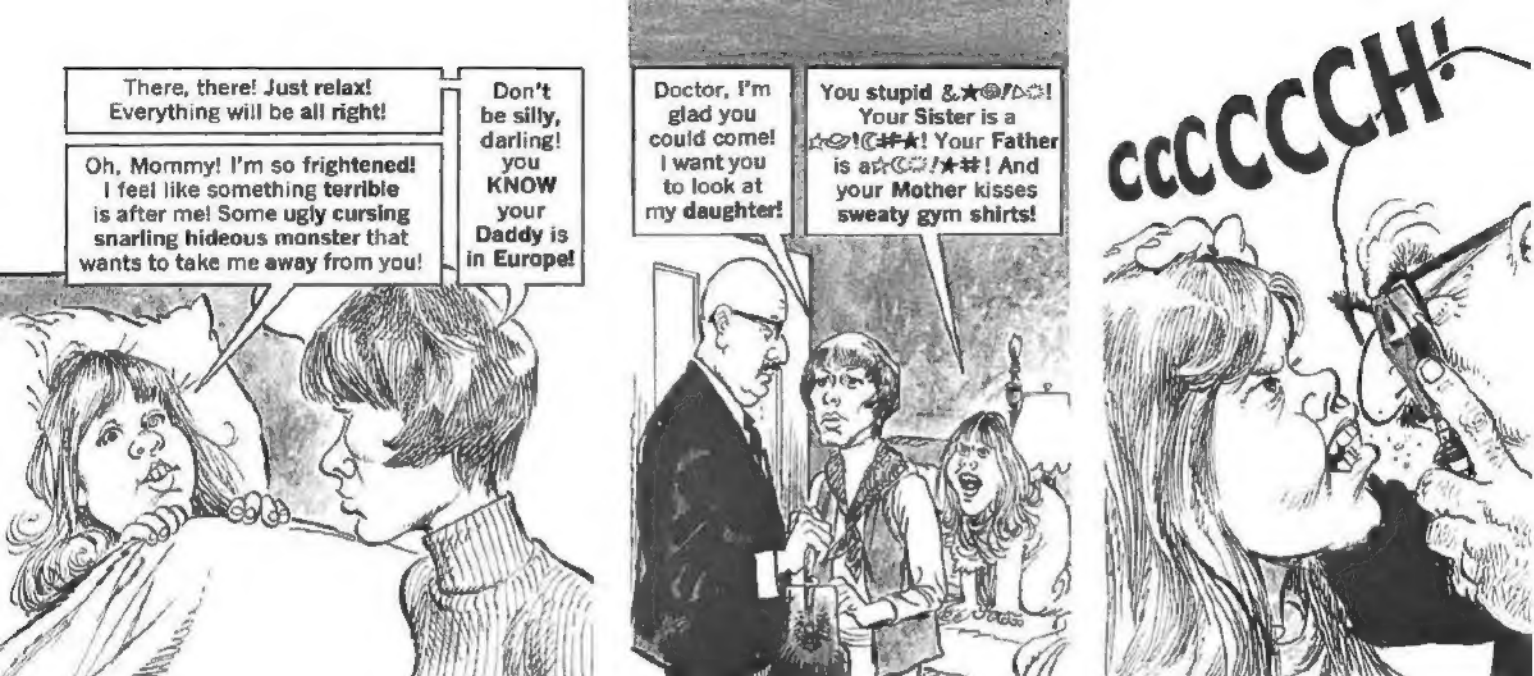
Mommy... Mommy...

Ravin! What is it?

There's something wrong with my BED!!

How weird! A bed that won't stop shaking and vibrating! Saran, get rid of it! Give it back to the man who sold it to us!

At this hour of the night, where am I going to find Hugh Hefner?!



There, there! Just relax!
Everything will be all right!

Oh, Mommy! I'm so frightened!
I feel like something terrible
is after me! Some ugly cursing
snarling hideous monster that
wants to take me away from you!

Don't
be silly,
darling!
you
KNOW
your
Daddy is
in Europe!

Doctor, I'm
glad you
could come!
I want you
to look at
my daughter!

You stupid &★@/Δ!
Your Sister is a
★@!C#★! Your Father
is a★@/★! And
your Mother kisses
sweaty gym shirts!



Tell me, have you noticed
anything **UNUSUAL**
about her behavior lately?

@#\$\$%
&@#*!



Well, Doctor?
what do you
think . . . ?

Hmm! It's the
strangest
case of
bronchitis
I have ever
seen!

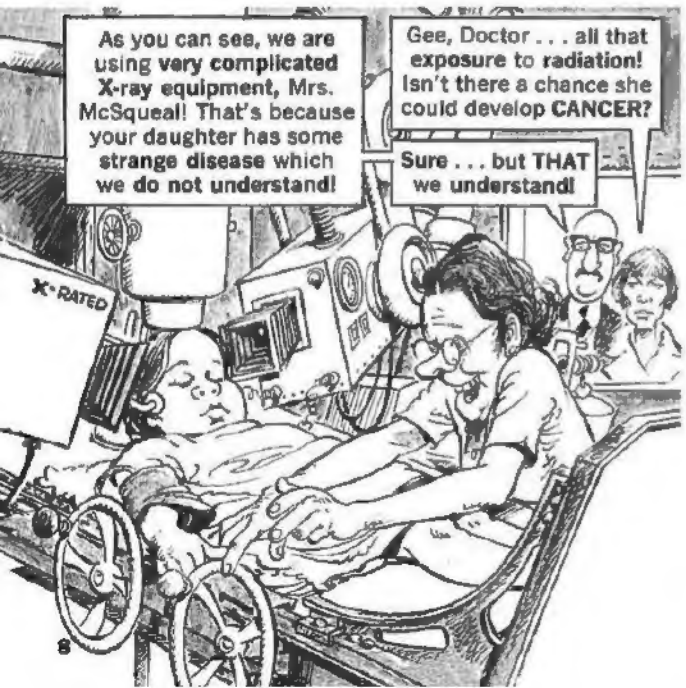
Bronchitis??
Why would anyone
with bronchitis
act like that?

That's what makes
it so strange! I'll
X-ray her brain
to see if I can
find out anything!

Very well!
And while
you're at
it, would
you try to
find out
something
else . . . ?

What's that?

Where
in the
★@!Δ★
did she
get
such a
@!#★@
filthy
mouth!



As you can see, we are
using **very complicated**
X-ray equipment, Mrs.
McSqueal! That's because
your daughter has some
strange disease which
we do not understand!

Gee, Doctor . . . all that
exposure to radiation!
Isn't there a chance she
could develop **CANCER**?

Sure . . . but **THAT**
we understand!



Well, the X-rays reveal
there is nothing wrong
with your daughter! In
no time, she should be
up and around, playing
house, finger-painting,
sewing dolls' dresses—

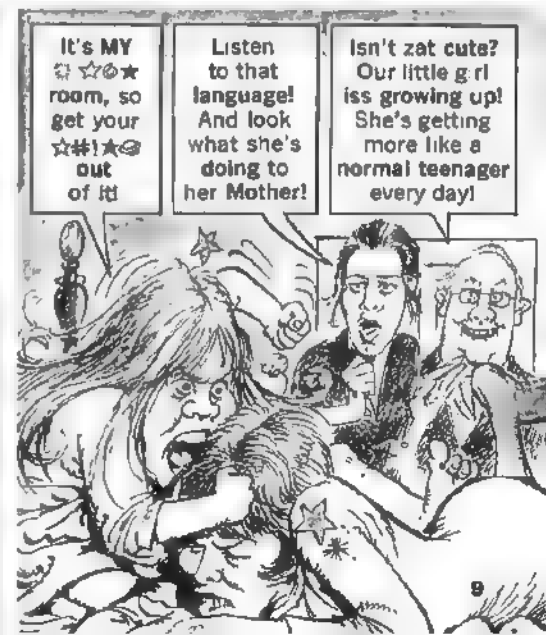
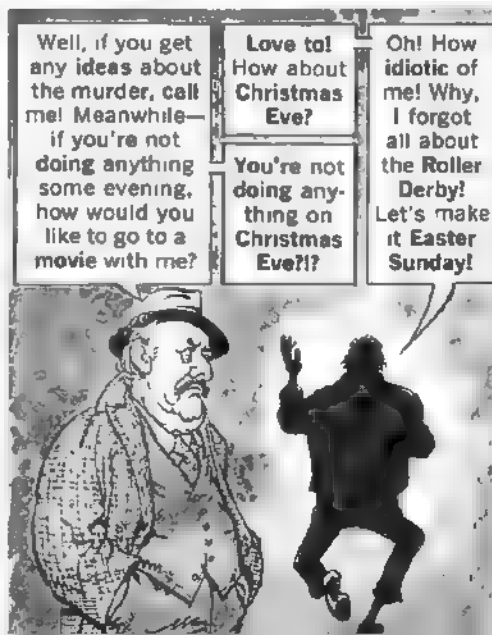
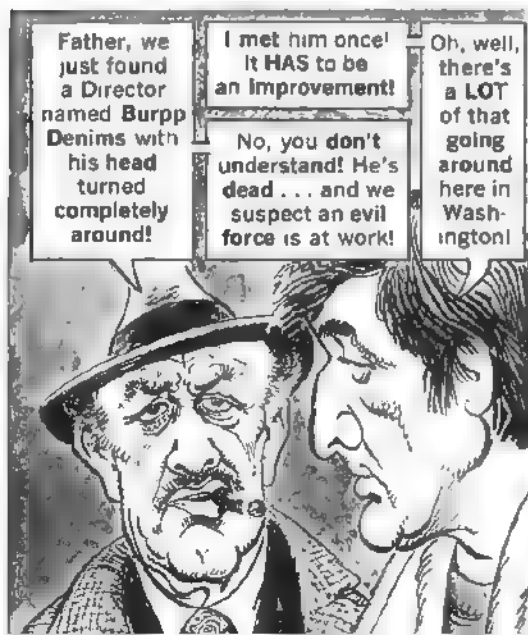
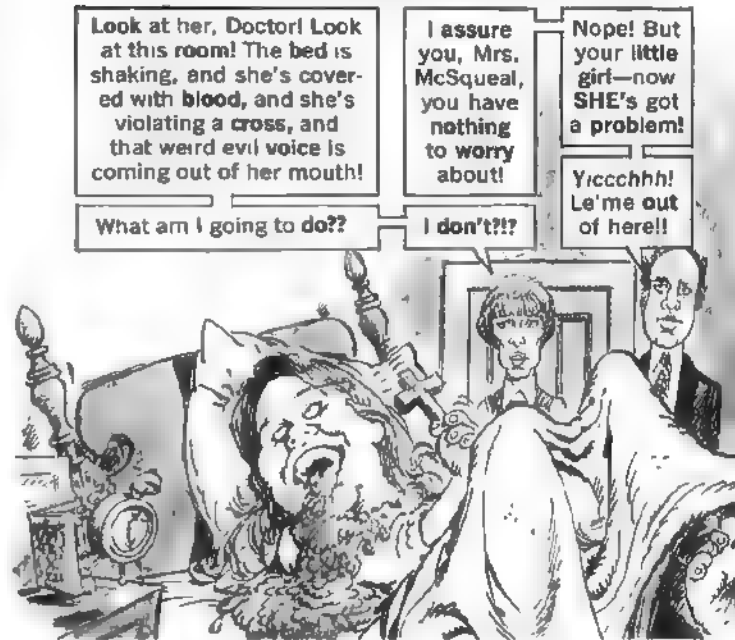
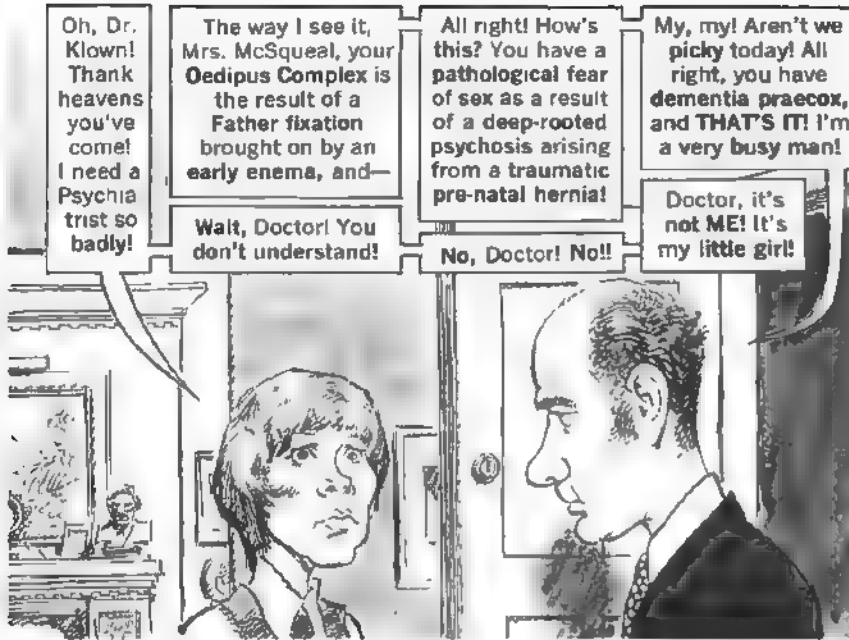
Kiss my
★@!C#★,
you
silly
four-eyed
★@/Δ★@!

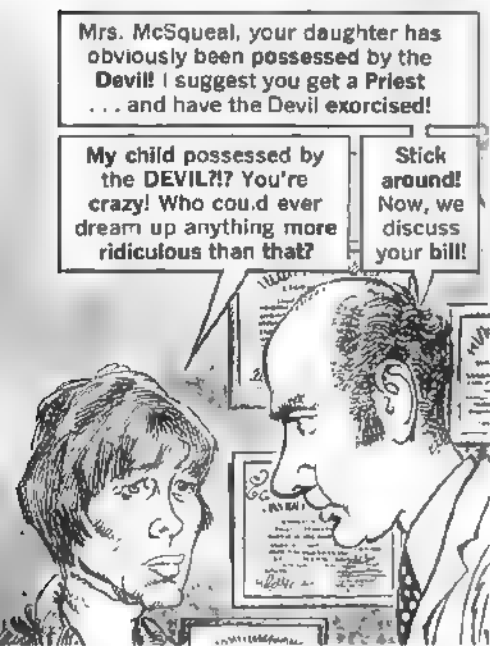
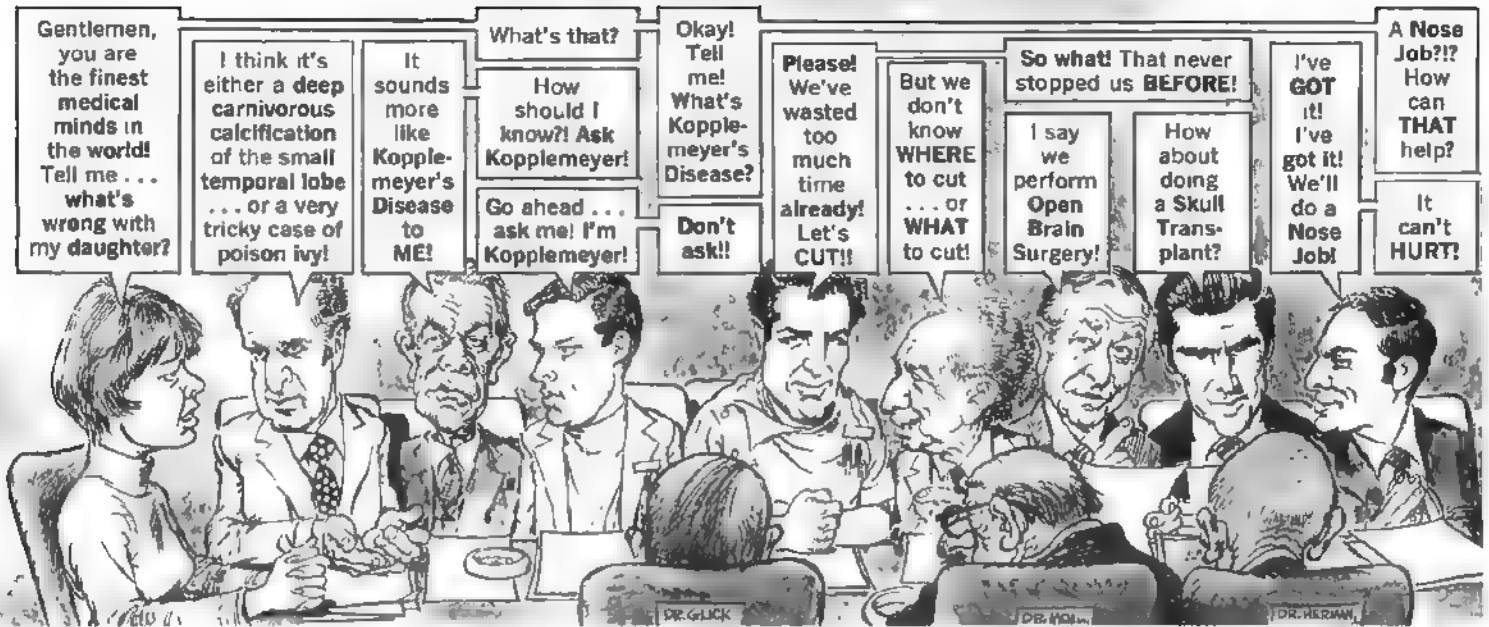
—driving a
trailer truck!

Doctor, there
IS something
wrong! I know
it! I feel it!

Listen . . .
I HEAR it!

Perhaps we
had better
call in a
Psychiatrist!







I've given Father Tsouris permission to perform an Exorcism, but he needs an older Priest to assist him!

I'd like to help him, but everybody is tied up in important work these days!

How about Father Reilly?

Don't be ridiculous! This is his BINGO WEEK!

How could I forget! What about Father Callahan?

In the middle of his Guitar Lessons!?

Foolish me! How about Father Clancy?

You know he's doing the "Merv Griffin Show!"

Say! What about Father Merry? Is he doing anything important these days?

As far as I know, he's conducting Mass and hearing Confession!

What a WEIRDO! Send him!

Who's out there? Are you the Exorcist?

No, I'm the Avon Lady—POSING as a Priest! Who do you think I am?

I've been told the subject is only an 11-year old child, so this Exorcism shouldn't take too long! Where is she?

UPSTAIRS, ~~86410~~, MAKING OUT WITH A TENNIS SHOE!

Hmm! On second thought, I'd better unpack! Now . . . these are the standard tools for an Exorcism: The vial of Holy Water to douse the evil spirit, the Crucifix to hold the Demon at bay, and the Hostess Cupcake . . .

The Hostess CUPCAKE???

You know it, Father! Exorcisms take time! Believe me, long about Midnight, you can get mighty hungry!

Well, Satan! Are you prepared to feel the Wrath of God?

GET LOST, CRUD! YOUR CHURCH STINKS! YOUR BISHOPS TAKE PAYOLA! AND THE POPE READS PLAYBOY!

Hmmmm! We always uncover something new about the enemy at these rituals!

You just learned something new about the Devil, Father Merry? What is it?

Well, for one thing, I think he's Protestant!

TWENTY-SEVEN HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING MINUTES LATER...

Okay, Satan! You win! We give up! What do you want? What will you take to leave this poor child's body?

Now you're talking, you White Collar Workers! My deal is a simple, typically corrupt Hollywood deal! A guarantee of six more movies!

That's all you want? Six more movies?

That's it, Sweeties! Listen, I haven't had this kind of popularity since the Inquisition! All this publicity and interest! If you think I've got cults and followers NOW, just wait until six MORE "Devil Flicks" hit the nabs!

Well, he's gone! And Ravi is FREE! But, how could you make that deal? How could you promise him six more movies?

That was easy! Have you seen the lines of people, waiting to see this movie? Have you seen the grosses it's piling up? What ELSE does Hollywood need to start a trend! SIX more "Devil Flicks"? Why, I'd guarantee SIXTY . . . SEVENTY!

Oh, well . . . that's "SHOW BIZ"!!

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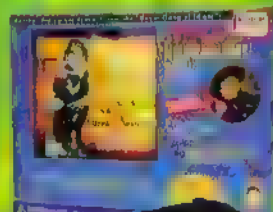
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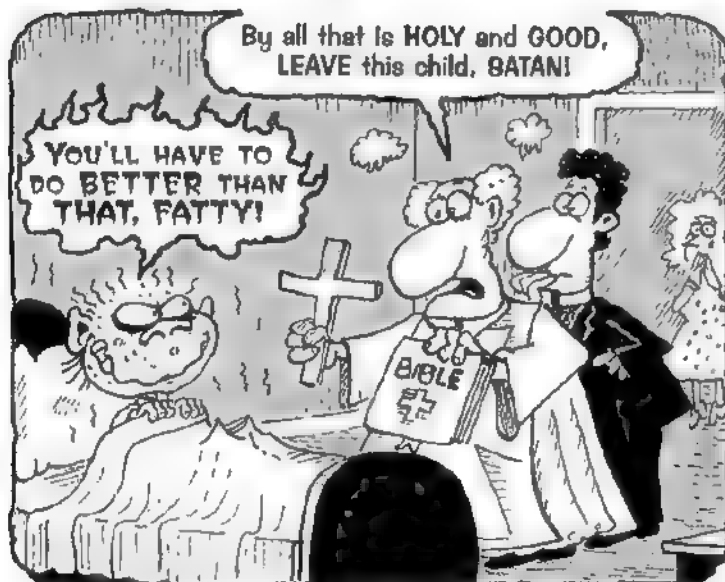


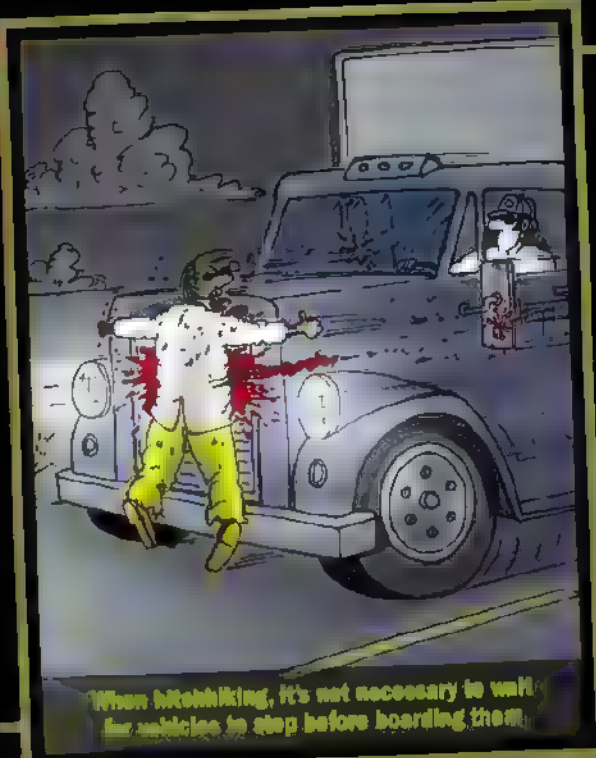
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THE EXQUISITE EXORCISM EXPERIENCE





THE UNGRATEFUL DEAD DEPT

With highly-anticipated movies like *Evil Dead* and *World War Z* and popular TV shows like *The Walking Dead*, zombies are as hot as ever! But every movie and TV show out there always makes the same basic mistake: they portray the zombie lifestyle as the worst thing in the world. Not true. There are worse ways to spend your life. For example, which would you rather be: a zombie or a New York Jets fan? A zombie or a MAD writer? See what we mean? And this is even before we spend the next two pages pointing out these...

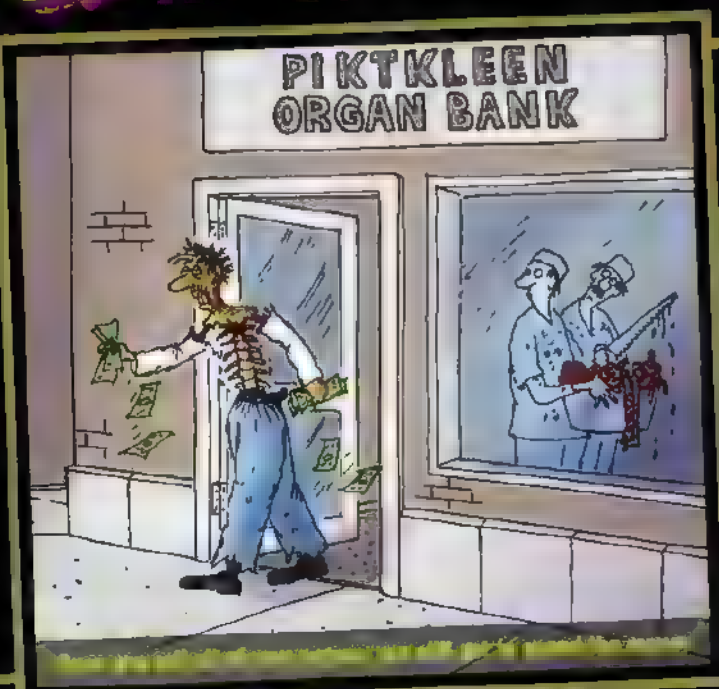
FREQUENTLY OVERLOOKED BENEFITS OF BEING





A ZOMBIE

WRITER & ARTISTS TOM CHENEY
COLORIST CARL PETERSON



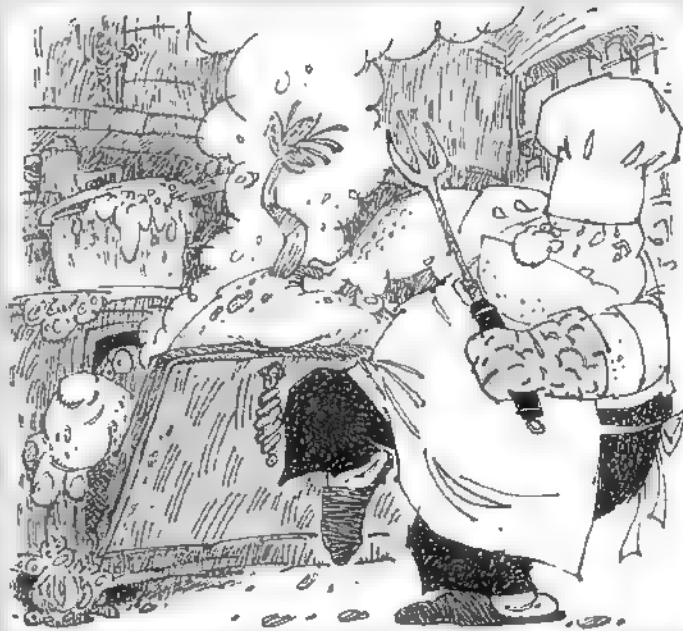
Hey gang, it's time one again for MAD's nutty old "cliché monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're...

HORROR MONSTER CLICHÉS

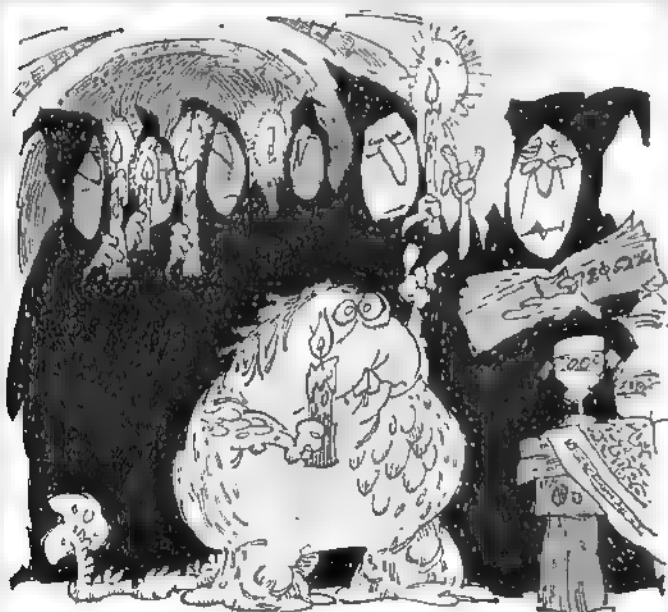
WRITER **MAY SAKAMI** ARTIST **PAUL COKER, JR.**



Reviving an OLD CUSTOM



Cooking Up A ALIBI



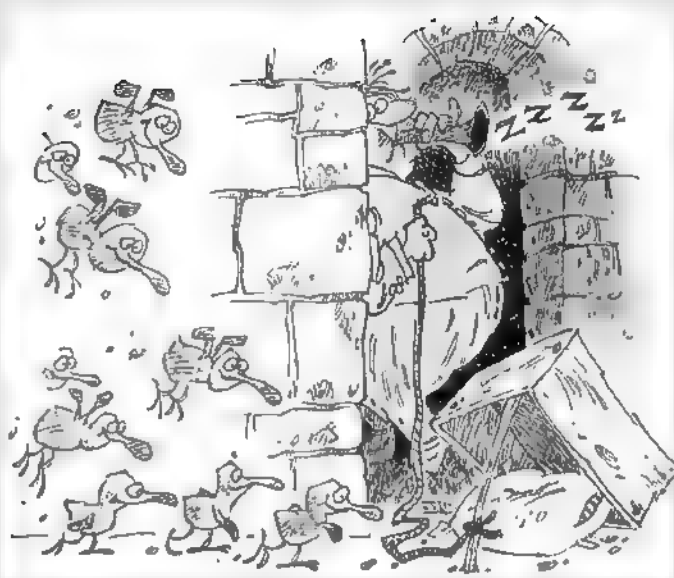
Initiating A PROGRAM



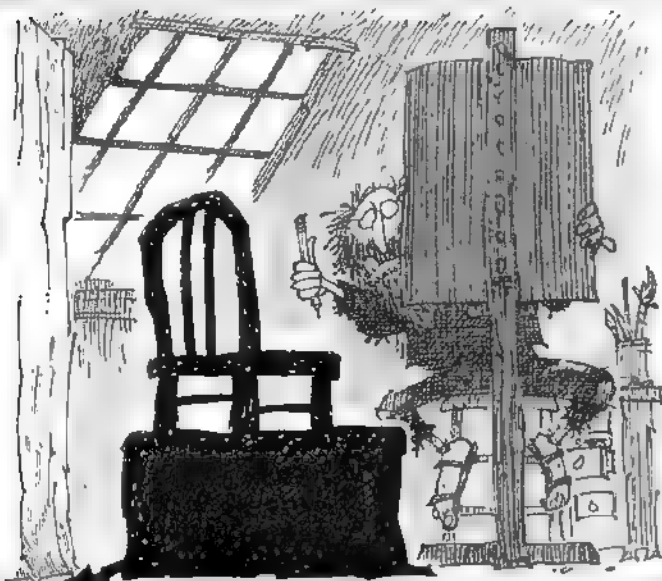
Batting An IDEA Around



Meeting a **CRYING NEED**



Catching **FORTY WINKS**



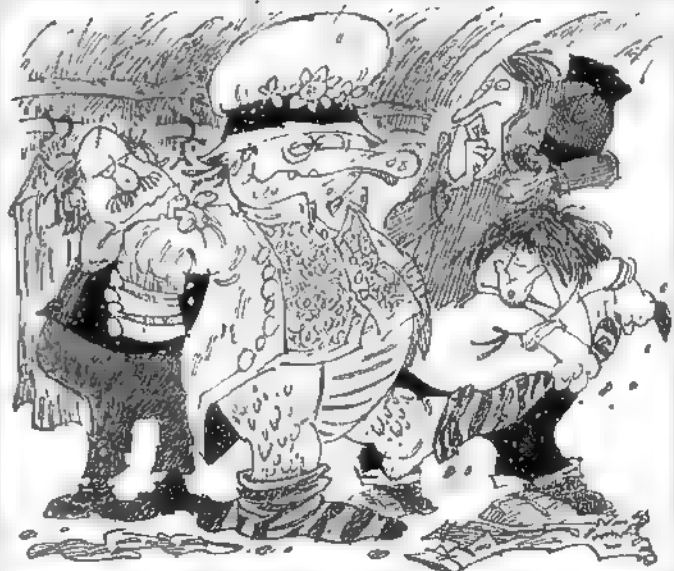
Drawing A **BLANK**



Dangling A **PARTICIPLE**



Going Through A **PHASE**



Redressing A **WRONG**



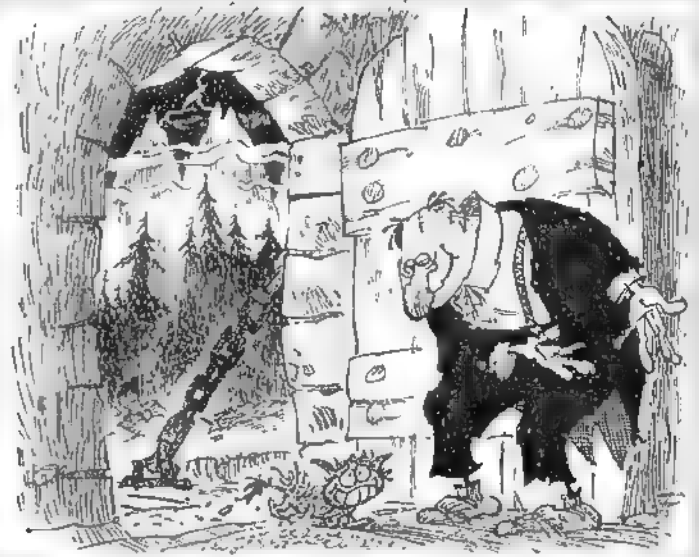
Casing A JOINT



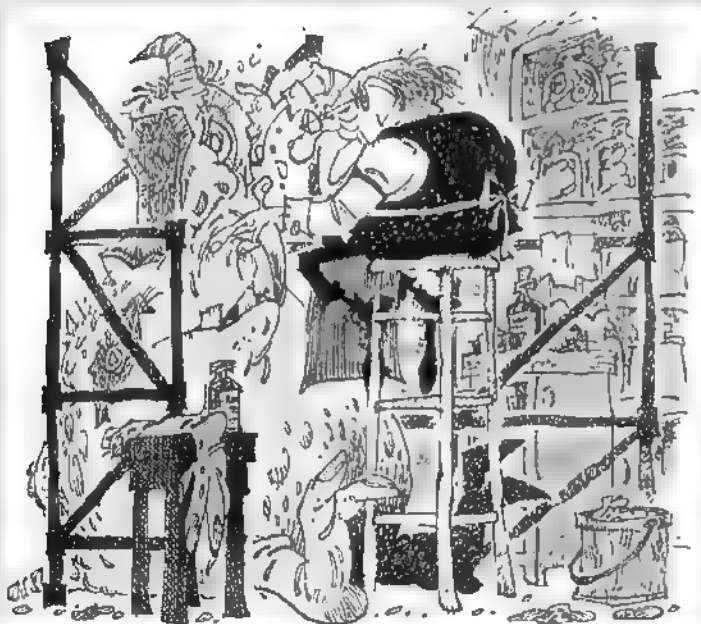
Hurling An INVECTIVE



Driving A MEAN BARGAIN



Ushering In An ERA



Restoring A CONFIDENCE



Chalking Up A VICTORY



HEART MEET TEST TUBE.

THE Devil's ADVOCATE

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR SATAN WORSHIPPERS

Have A Barbecue!
(And 9 Other
Great Ideas For
Post-Sacrificial
Leftovers!)

Our Travel Experts
Pick The 50 Best
Churches, Temples
And Mosques In
Europe To Deface!

Vomiting On The
Cross On Cue:
Our Experts Show
You How!

Surefire Ways To
Foil An Exorcist!

Six New Sins Your
Whole Family
Can Enjoy!

YAK BLOOD VS. CHICKEN URINE

What's Best For Your Holiday Ritual?

WRITERS FRANK JACOBS

ARTISTS MORT DRUCKER,
ANGELO TORRES,

AND OTHERS



Horn Enlargement
- Is It For You?

UNGOOLY NEWS

Louisiana Satanist Breaks 10 Commandments In World-Record Time

Elwood Drimble, a Shreveport Satanist, set a new world record last month when he broke all Ten Commandments in four hours and seventeen minutes, easily shattering Hans Brick-face's old mark of 4:54.

Drimble got off to an impressive start, breaking four commandments in the first 15 seconds (a record in itself). He began by coveting both his

neighbor's wife and wristwatch, proceeding to steal the latter, while committing adultery with the former (Commandments VI, VII, IX, X). Ever the innovator, Drimble then quickly built a shrine to Wendy's founder, Dave Thomas, while bitterly cursing Jehovah (Commandments I, II).

Unexpected pangs of guilt slowed the

veteran sinner down momentarily. But he recovered nicely, launching a barrage of swear-laden insults at his elderly and frail parents (Commandment IV).

Unfettered under pressure, Drimble coolly climbed behind the wheel of his Range Rover and ran over a defenseless poodle (Commandment V). With the clock ticking down, he called the ASPCA and blamed his next door neighbor for the puppy's death (Commandment VIII).

And what about Commandment III? Not to worry! He did it all on the Sabbath. Way to go, Elwood!



This Month's Pact With The Devil:

DUKE BERKOWITZ
of Grand Rapids, MI,

sold his soul to Satan in exchange for the ability to drink an entire case of Coors, smash every empty aluminum can on his forehead and not get sick at a frat party. Welcome, Duke!



DBS The Devil Broadcasting System has been turned down again by the FCC in its attempt to launch a 24-hour, All-Satan TV Network. Negotiations between the FCC and DBS, which was planning on a national launch in September on channel 666, are reported to be strained. According to insiders, several DBS officials are calling for the removal and consumption of FCC Chairman Reed Hunt's spleen. Hunt, currently living under an assumed name overseas, could not be reached for comment.

How Would They Look?

Your Favorite Celebrities Retouched to Look Like Satan



Regis & Kathie Lee



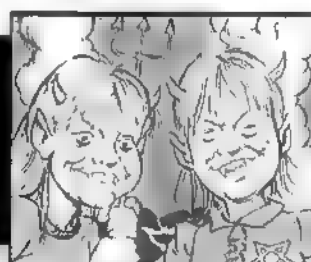
Mother Teresa



Willard Scott



Cal Ripken



The Olsen Twins



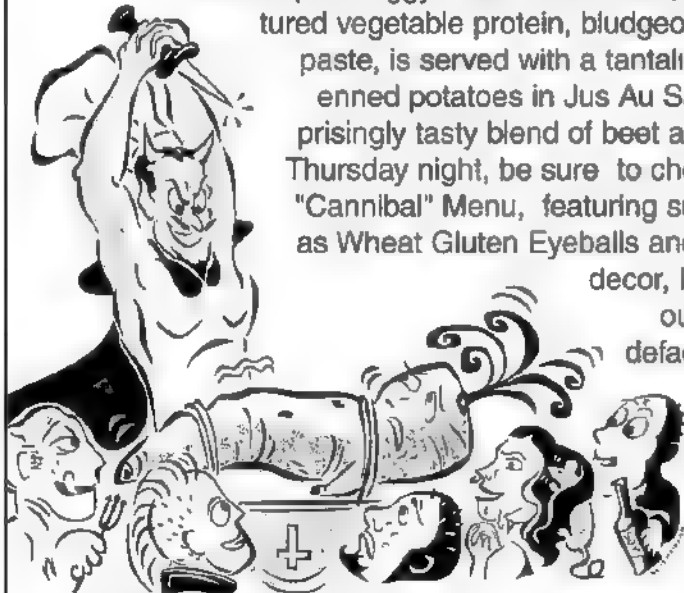
Devil's RESTAURANT REVIEW

Good news for vegetarian Satanists! There's finally a restaurant that caters to their special dietary wants and needs. Iggy's House Of Vegetarian Delights offers a stunning array of soy-based ritual and sacrificial foods that taste surprisingly like their slaughtered, blood-soaked counterparts. Iggy's Slit-Throat "Calf," made entirely of textured vegetable protein, bludgeoned walnuts and yam

paste, is served with a tantalizing side order of julienned potatoes in Jus Au Sacrificial Virgin (a surprisingly tasty blend of beet and guava extract). On Thursday night, be sure to check out the innovative "Cannibal" Menu, featuring such appetizing dishes as Wheat Gluten Eyeballs and Tofu Arm. As for the

decor, Iggy's is too well-lit for our taste, but the hand-

defaced museum prints of Christ and his Apostles are a nice homey touch. **Reservations suggested.**



The Inquiring PHOTOGRAPHER

by Neen Cheery

This Week's Question:

"What was your most embarrassing moment as a devil worshipper?"

• • • • •

"After slaughtering my son's hamsters, I comforted him and didn't force him to eat the entrails."



— Eli Stoop Woodside, NY



"I walked past St. Patrick's Cathedral the other day without hocking up a wad of green phlegm and spitting on its doorstep."

— Delores Dripping Phoenix, AZ

"When I felt a twinge of guilt after setting fire to Temple Shalom B'nai."



— Edward P. Grottle Van Nuys, CA



"Just yesterday, when I accidentally said 'God bless you' to someone who sneezed."

— Betty Ilfish Sandusky, OH

Hey! This isn't a Sergio Aragones marginal! well, dunt

Devil's Music Review

(Editor's Note: In 1968 beloved evildoer Charles Manson made headlines when he claimed the Beatles song *Helter Skelter* contained hidden Satanic messages, which inspired him to order his "family" to murder actress Sharon Tate. With the release of *Free As A Bird*, the first Beatles single in nearly 25 years, we thought it appropriate to invite Mr. Manson to write this month's music review.)

Mr. Manson reports:

Hey man, it's really cool to hear the Beatles again after all these years. Especially John Lennon. He's dead, man, but he still sounds better than those other losers. You know why, man? Cause he's dead, man, he's dead. Man, that's my point, man. Why do you think he's "free as a bird," man? Because he's dead, man. And that thing at the end, man, ya know, when he talks backwards? He was talking to me, man - ME!! Aw man, I'm gonna KILL YOU! You hear me, man?? I'M GONNA KILL YOU DEAD, MAN! JUST LIKE JOHN LENNON TOLD ME TO, MAN!! YOU'RE DEAD, MAN!! YOU'RE DEAD!!

• • • X •

**BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THESE
MANIFESTATIONS OF SATAN'S EVIL
POWER IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD**

America Online Chrysler Mini-Vans
MAD TV Zima Windows 95
The Body Shop ESPN 2 Yanni
PBS Pledge Drives

FILM VIEW

by *Damien Lucifer*



Babe

This family-oriented live-action film starring a talking pig was very good but would have been even better had all the animals been savagely garroted and their blood drained into a huge vat to be feasted upon by the Babylonian God of Chaos, Tiamat.

RATING:



How To Make An American Quilt

In the tradition of *Fried Green Tomatoes* and *Steel Magnolias*, this inspirational film loses all credibility when none of its female stars are stripped, tied to a makeshift altar and sacrificed to the Babylonian God of Chaos, Tiamat.

RATING:



Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls

Dull, lifeless sequel. Like the original, Ventura saves animals. What a wuss!

RATING:



SEXY SATAN WORSHIPPERS WANT TO TALK TO YOU NOW!!!

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE FANTASIES

LUCIFER ROLE PLAY

"We're HOT as HELL
and HORN-Y!!"



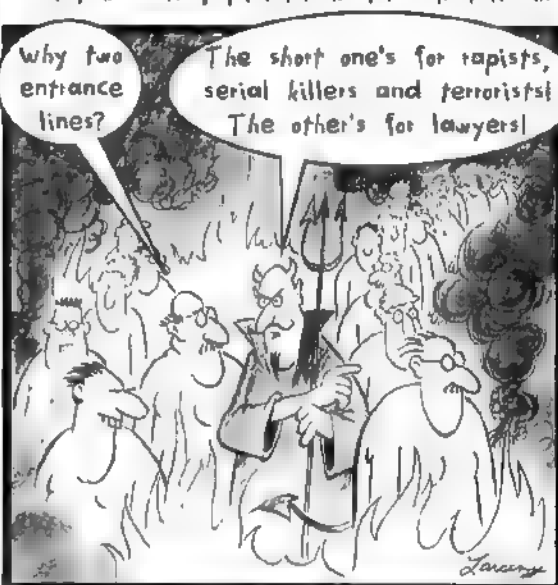
Only
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ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #345, MAY 1990

THE DARKER SIDE



Classifieds

ONLY 14 MORE SHOPPING DAYS LEFT UNTIL THE FEAST OF DISEMBOWELMENT!

Avoid the holiday crunch by ordering from the **Pentagram Depot** catalog. Fake goatees, jig-saw puzzles, fanny packs, cow udder head-dresses, dog corpses, and pentagrams, pentagrams, pentagrams! Call now! 555-HELL.

RARE REPLICA DOCUMENTS FROM HELL!

Vanilla Ice's contract with Satan featuring the famous "18 Months Maximum Of Fame" clause. Order now and receive **free** copy of Nixon's entry papers! 555-BEAST.

SACRIFICES MAKE YOU SQUEAMISH?

You need Zandar the Disembowler! Rabbits, mice, toads, pre-slaughtered for your convenience. Overnight delivery guaranteed! 1-800-666-6666.

THE HORN CLUB FOR MEN!

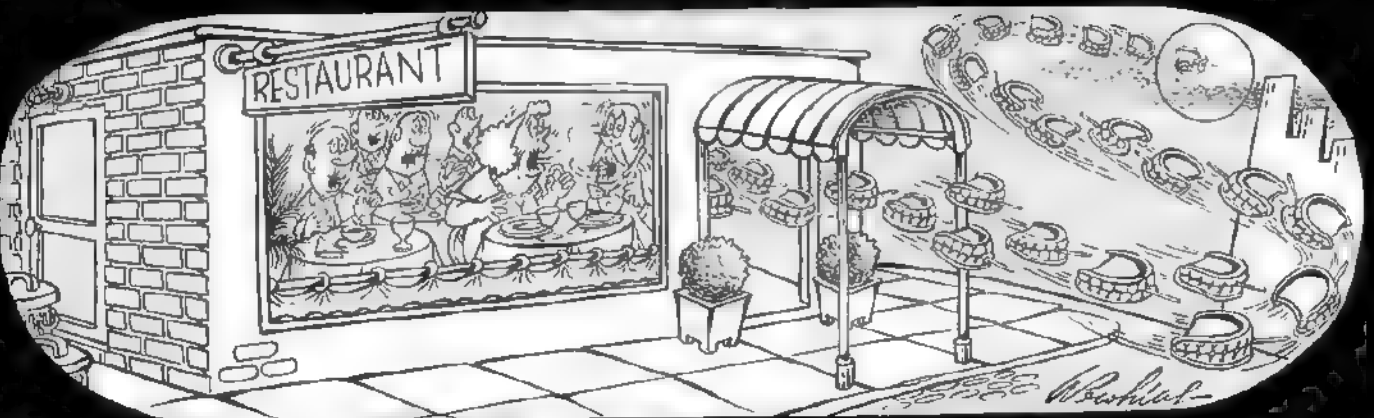
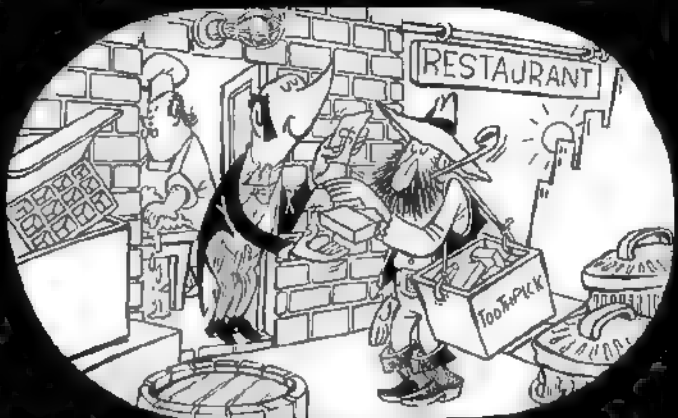
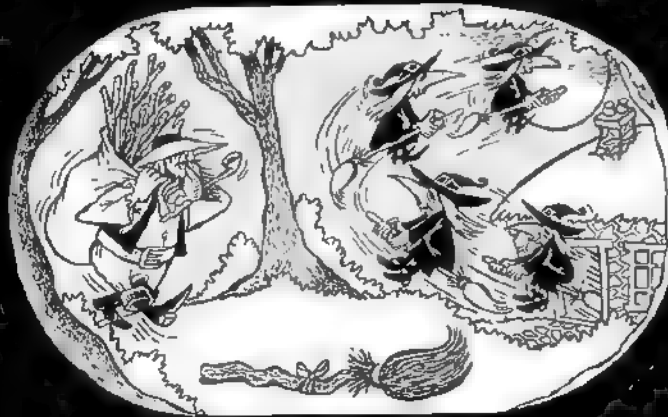
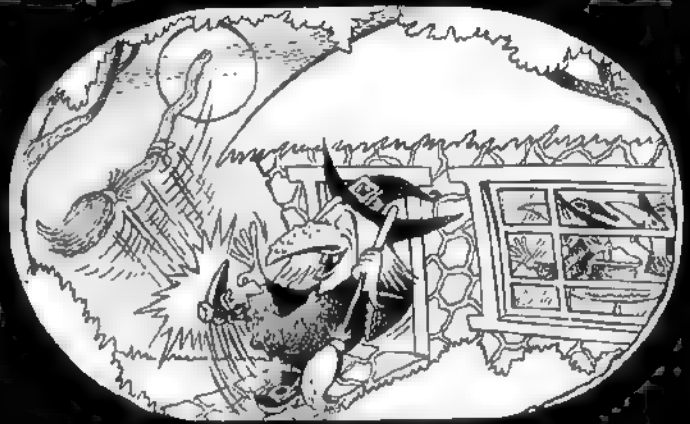
Our patented derma-bond process is guaranteed to grow horns on your forehead, regardless of age, race, or degree of depravity. Call HORN-4-ME.

SWMDW

seeks intimate relationship w th SWFDW Must enjoy sunsets, long walks in the country, drinking blood of Christian babies. Call Zandar the Disembowler, 1-800-666-6666.



A Witch's Tale

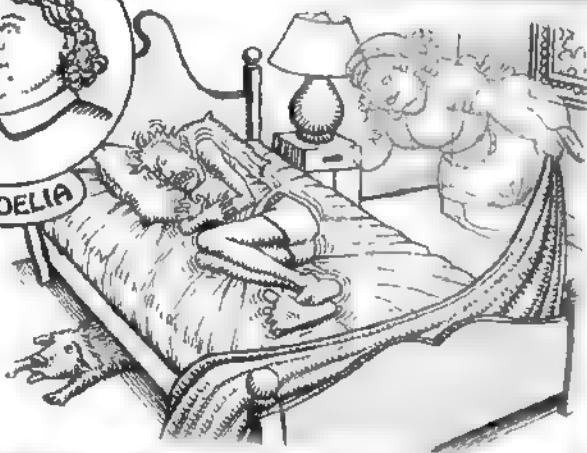


WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS

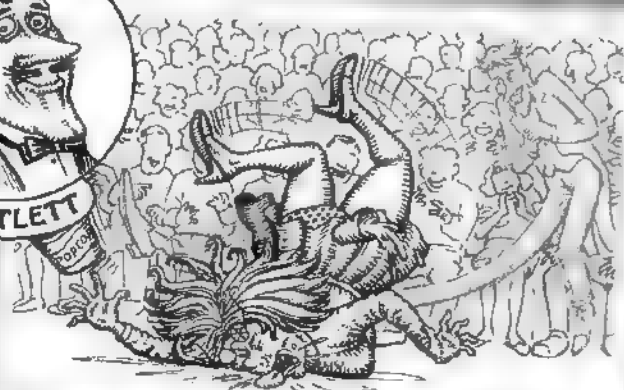




Causes water to splash onto your crotch, so it looks like you have the bladder control of your 97-year-old grandfather.



Pushes all your secrets to the bottom of the bed, so you wake up colder than Leonardo DiCaprio's frozen lifeless corpse at the end of Titanic.

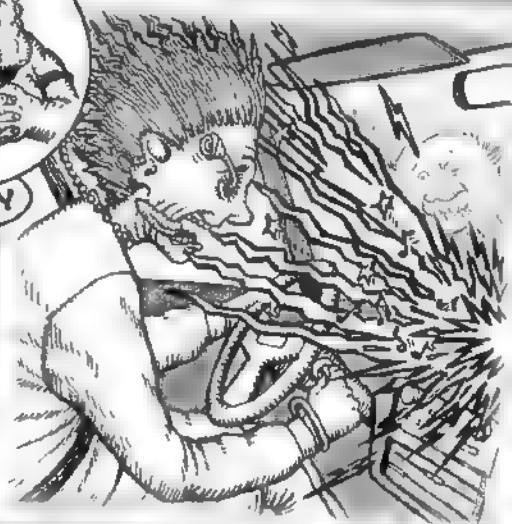


Trips you in front of a crowd of at least 45 people, so you look like a freakin' clutzoid.

SMELLS LIKE MEAN SPIRITS DEPT.

Are you paranoid? Do you think your so-called friends and family want nothing more than to ruin your life? To fill it with misery and suffering? Well, calm down jerk face 'cause we here at MAD are happy to put your fears to rest. Your loved ones aren't out to get you! But someone else is....

KNOW YOUR



Cranks up the volume on your radio, so when you start your car in the morning you're suddenly blasted into oblivion by teeth-rattling, brain-piercing, eardrum-damaging music.

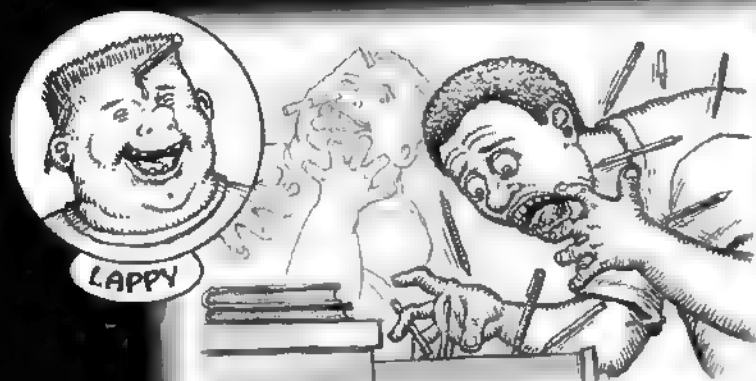


Makes your grandmother walk in on you while you're watching a movie with your date at the precise moment a sex scene starts.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #404, APRIL 2001

GHOSTS

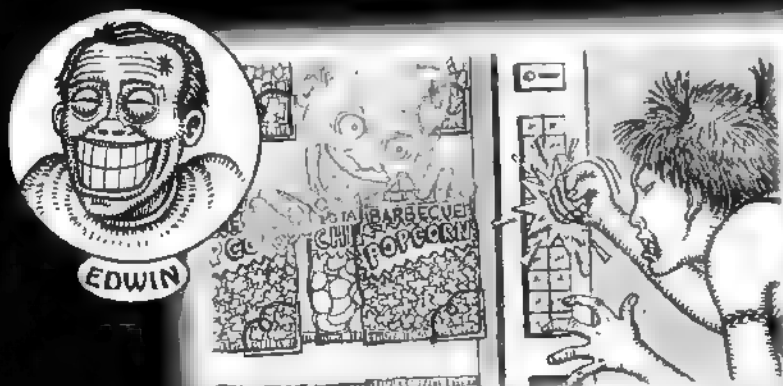
WRITER RYAN PAGELOW
ARTIST JAMES WARHOLA



Enjoys tormenting you by playing the "Hide-Your-Only-Working-Pen-In-the-Drawer-Full-of-Dozens-of-Dried-Up-Totally-Useless-Pens" game.



Makes any shirt that looks good on you itch as if your entire back was being attacked by flesh-eating fire ants.



Puts bags of repulsive barbecue popcorn that no one ever buys in front of the chips you love in the vending machine.



Makes the shower either skin-numbing freezing cold or skin-disintegrating scalding hot no matter how you adjust the shower knob.



Wakes you up at the wildest part of your deviant sex dream and prevents you from returning to it when you go back to sleep.

A MAD LOOK AT

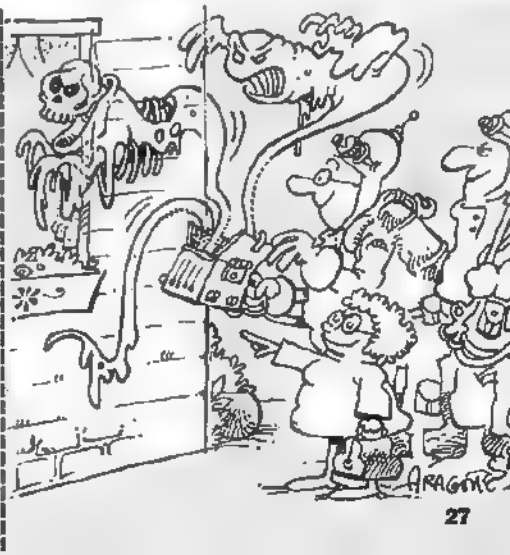
WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONES



GHOSTS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #291, DEC 1989





TANTALIZING TERROR DEPT. PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!...VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHEEEHEEE...

HOOHAAH!

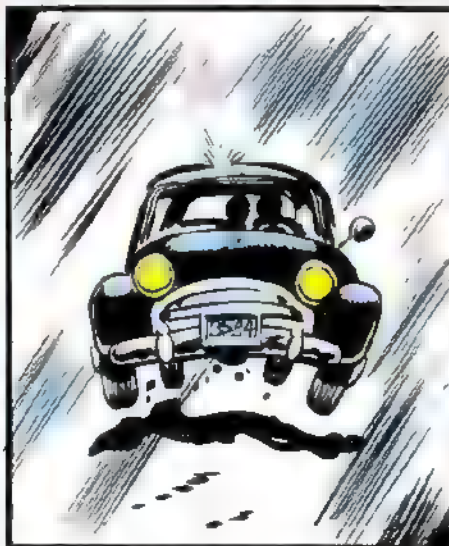
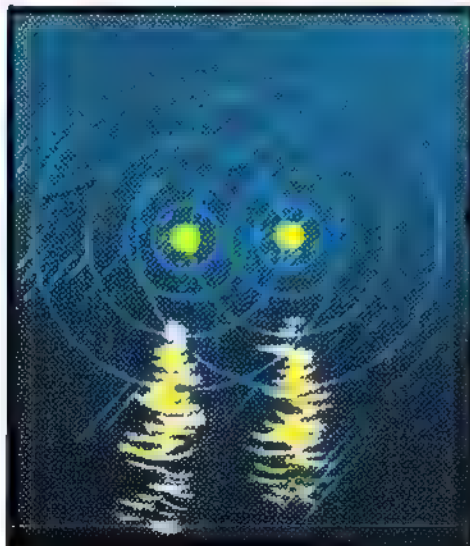


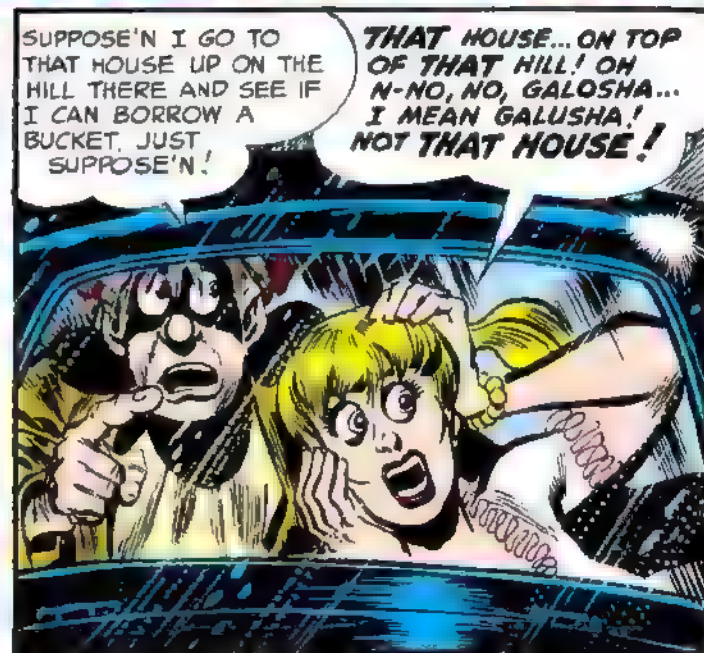
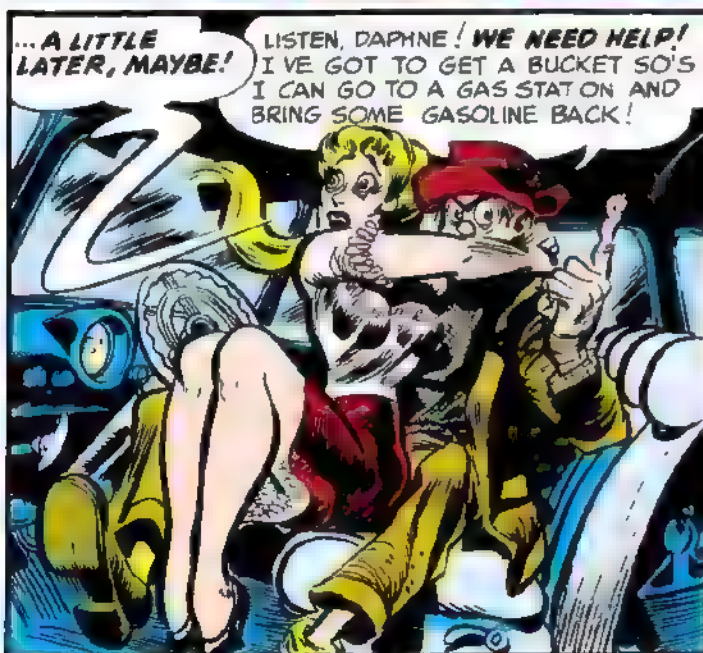
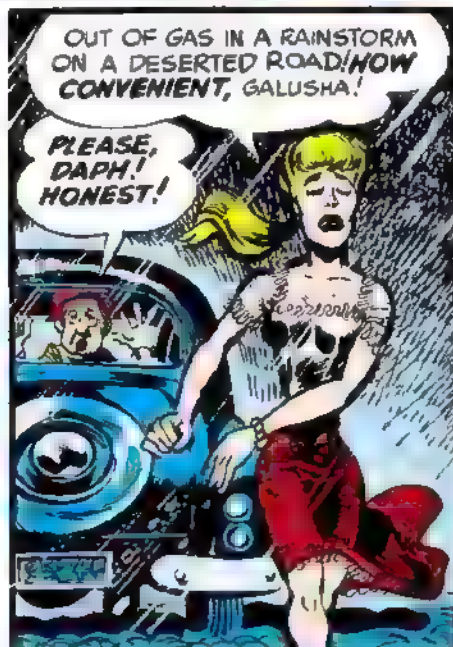
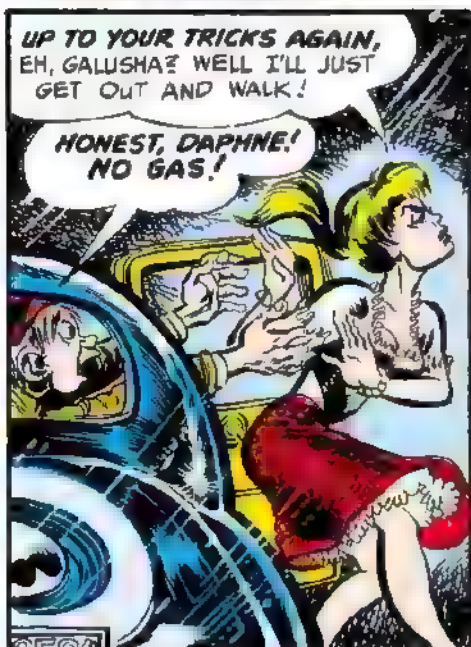
WRITER HARVEY KUTTZMAN ARTIST JACK DAVIS

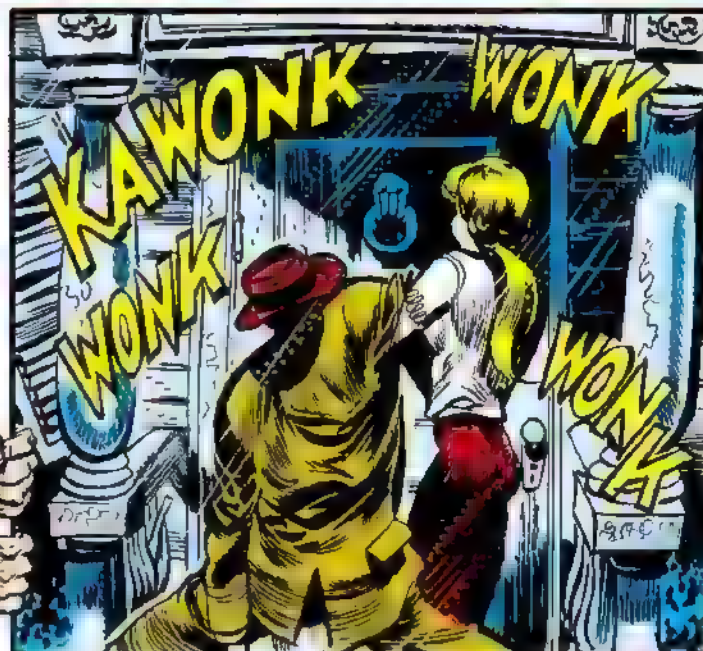
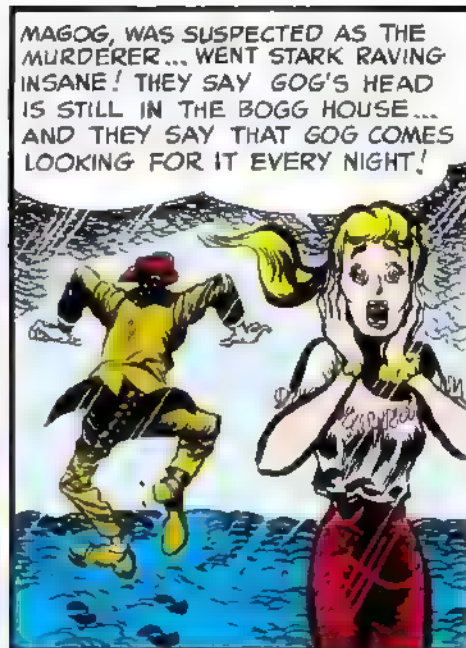
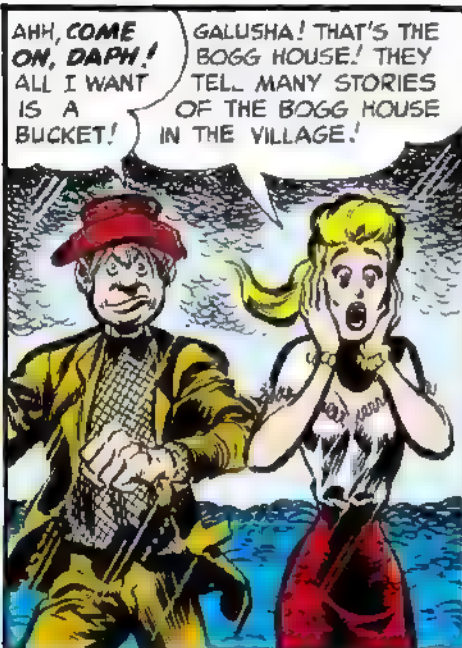
NIGHT!...BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!

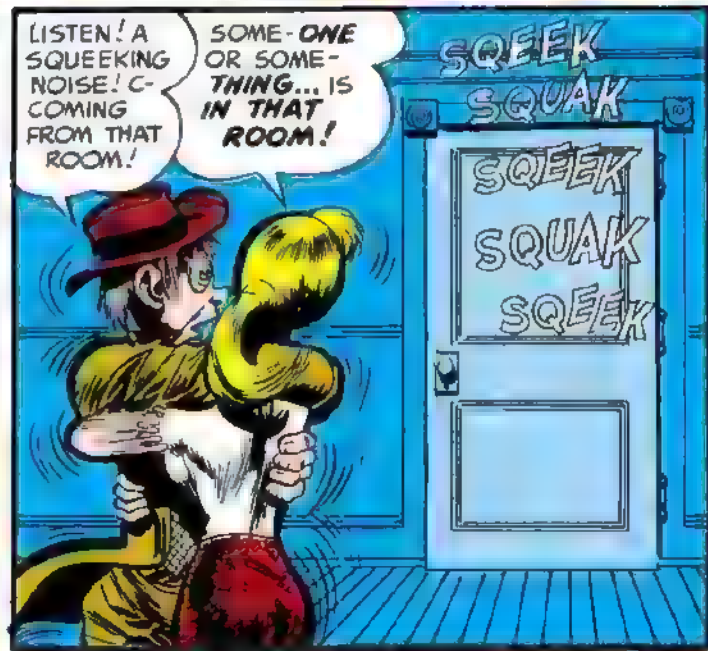
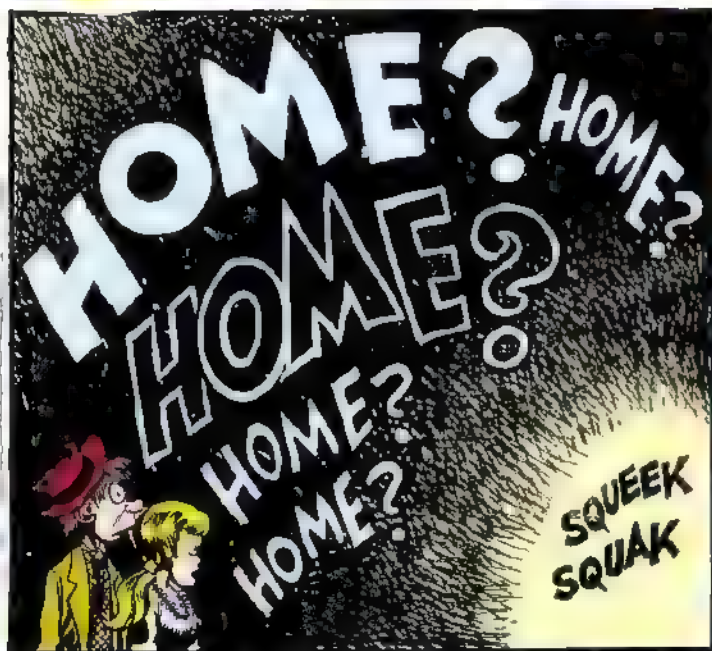
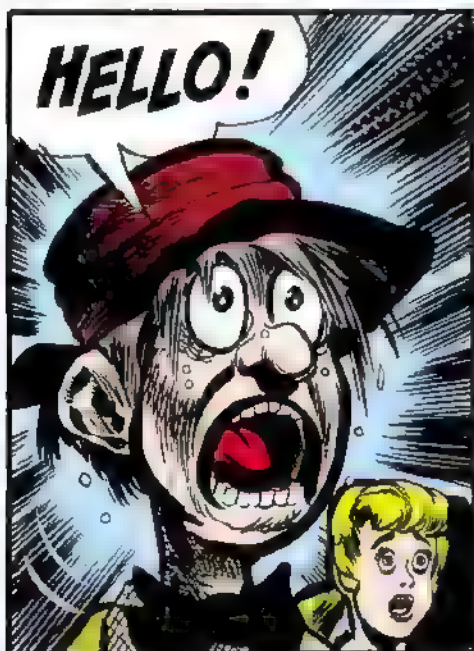
NIGHT...ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!

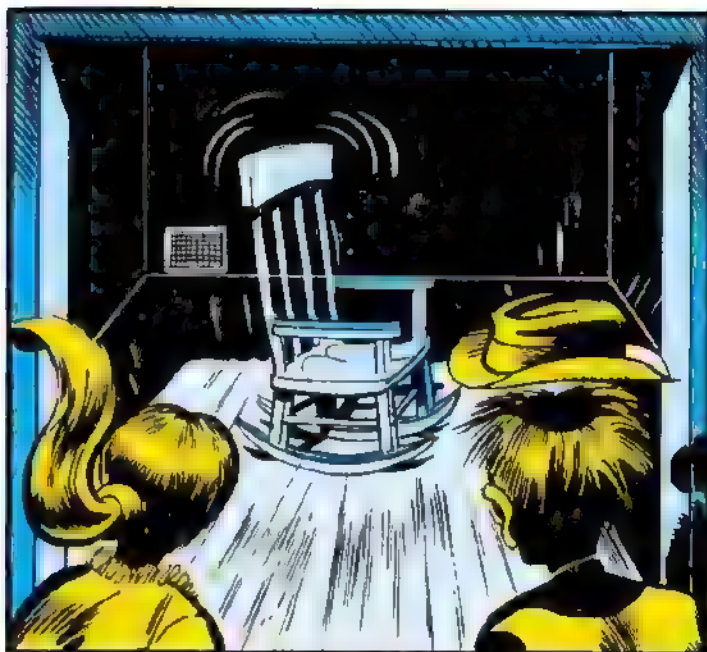
NIGHT!...WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!











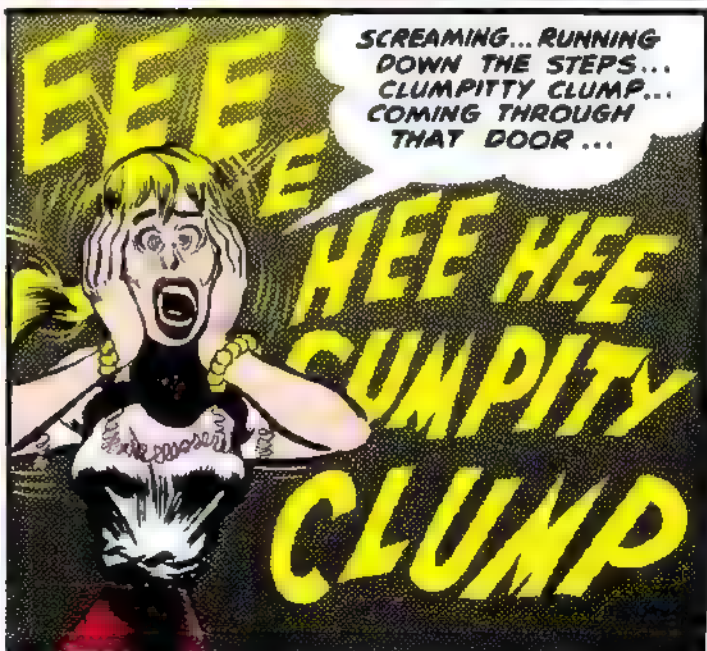
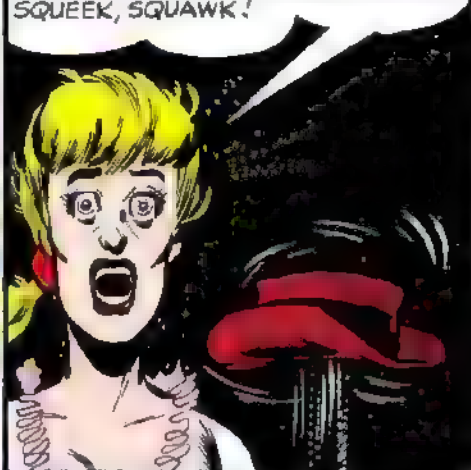
THE ROOM IS EMPTY! JUST A ROCKING CHAIR! THE ONLY EXIT OUT OF HERE IS THIS DOOR AND THAT TINY VENTILATOR, AND **NOTHING HUMAN COULD FIT THROUGH THERE!**

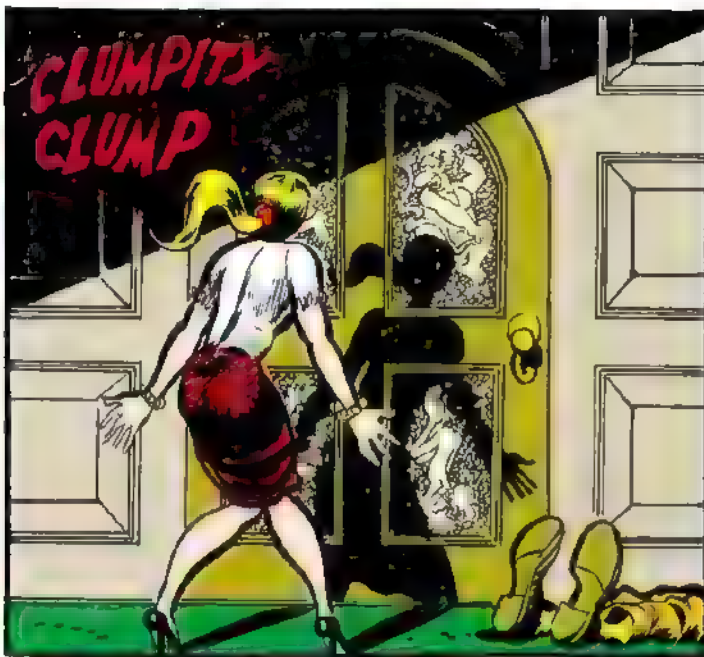


BUT **SOMEONE... SOMETHING... WAS ROCKING THAT CHAIR!** THE STORIES IN THE VILLAGE SAY HOW WHEN MAGOG BOGG WENT MAD, HE'D JUST SIT IN THE ROCKING CHAIR... AND ROCK AND ROCK!



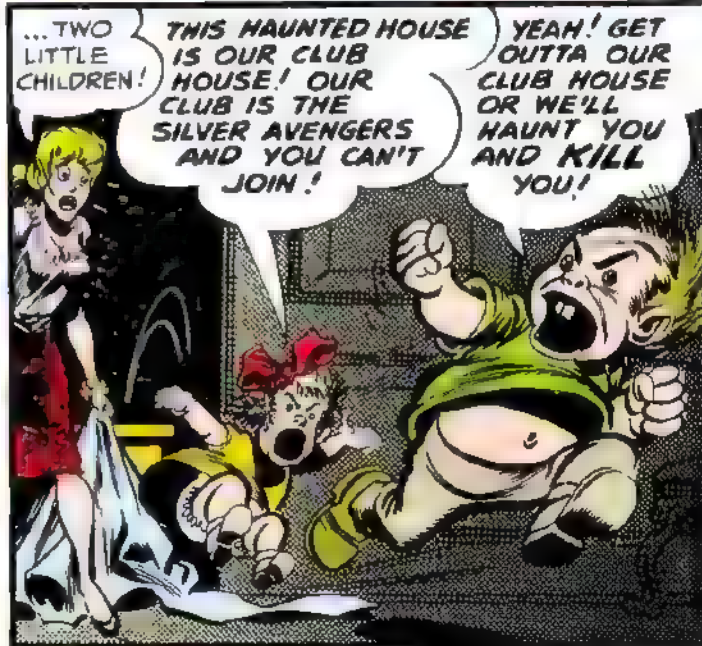
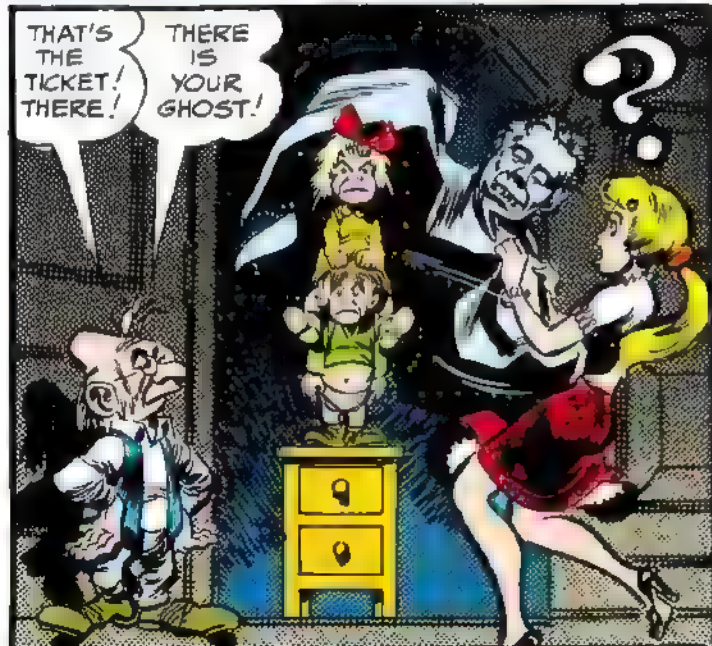
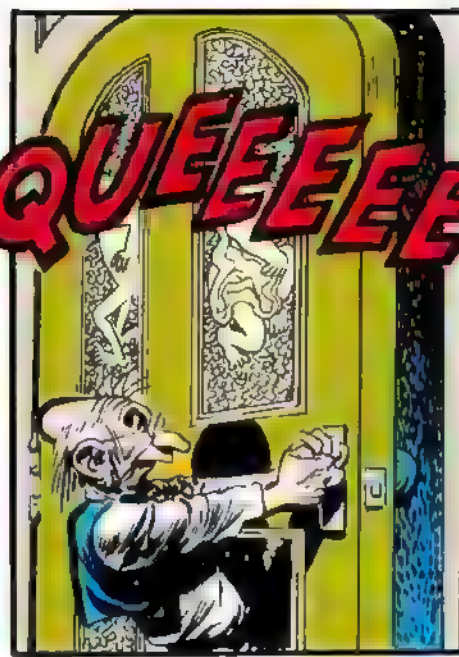
THAT'S THE WAY HE DIED, THEY SAY! JUST ROCKING IN A SQUEEKY ROCKING CHAIR! AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT CHAIR IN THE NIGHT... ROCKING... EVER ROCKING... SQUEEK, SQUAWK, SQUEEK, SQUAWK!

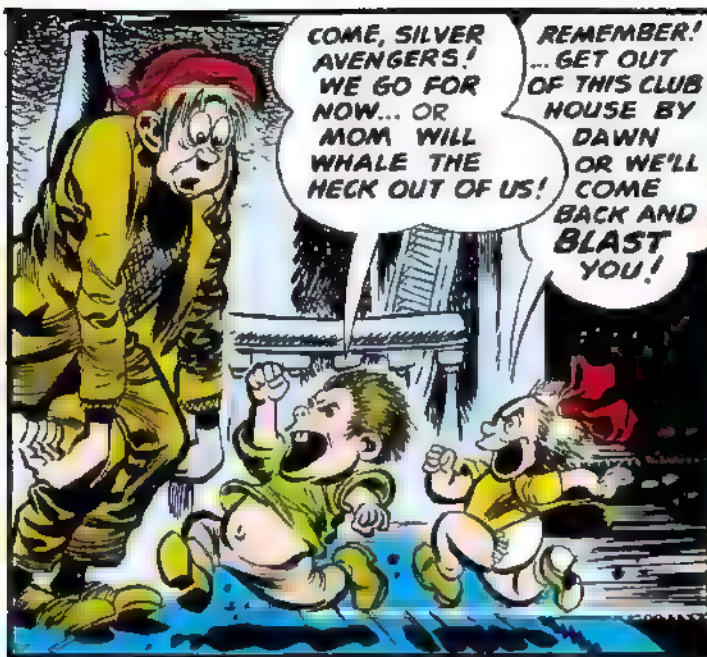






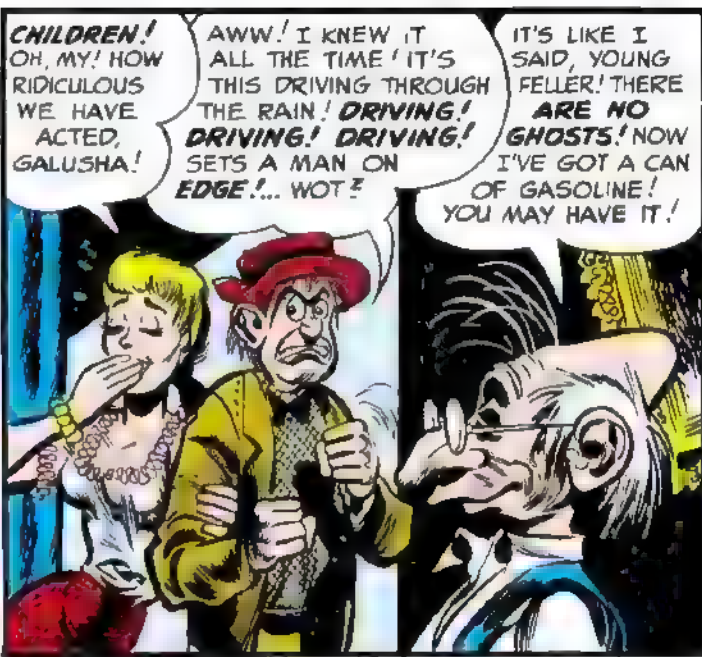
SQUEEEEEEE





COME, SILVER AVENGERS! WE GO FOR NOW... OR MOM WILL WHALE THE HECK OUT OF US!

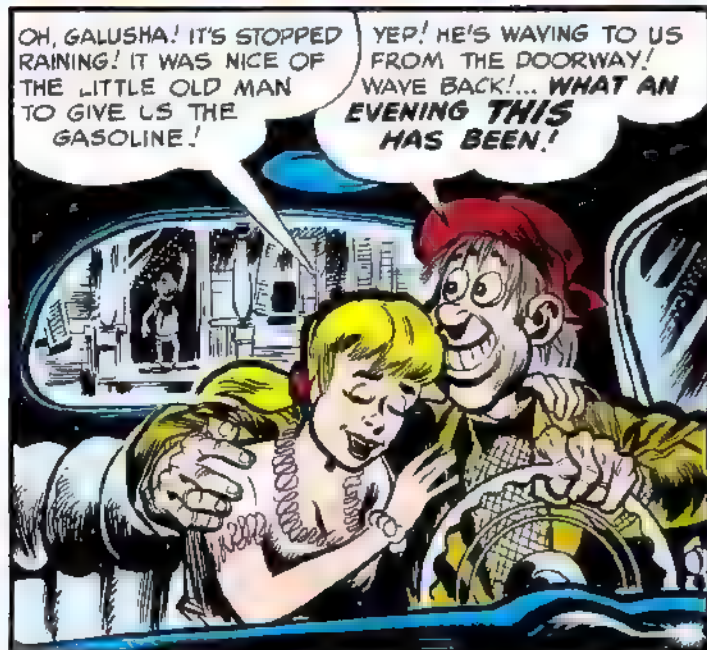
REMEMBER! ...GET OUT OF THIS CLUB HOUSE BY DAWN OR WE'LL COME BACK AND BLAST YOU!



CHILDREN! OH, MY! HOW RIDICULOUS WE HAVE ACTED, GALUSHA!

AWW! I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME 'IT'S THIS DRIVING THROUGH THE RAIN! **DRIVING! DRIVING!** SETS A MAN ON EDGE!... WOT?

IT'S LIKE I SAID, YOUNG FELLER! THERE **ARE NO GHOSTS!** NOW I'VE GOT A CAN OF GASOLINE! YOU MAY HAVE IT!



OH, GALUSHA! IT'S STOPPED RAINING! IT WAS NICE OF THE LITTLE OLD MAN TO GIVE US THE GASOLINE!

YEP! HE'S WAVING TO US FROM THE DOORWAY! WAVE BACK!... **WHAT AN EVENING THIS HAS BEEN!**



IMAGINE! WE WERE SO WORRIED... AND THAT NICE LITTLE OLD MAN STAYS IN THAT BIG HOUSE **ALL BY HIMSELF** AND NEVER WORRIES ONE BIT!

I GUESS THERE REALLY AREN'T ANY GHOSTS! HOW SILLY WE WERE! IMAGINE! THINKING THERE WERE GHOSTS WITH **HEADS CHOPPED OFF!**



HEH, HEH! THERE THEY GO! SWERVING MADLY DOWN THE ROAD!



GOOD-BYE, YOUNGSTERS! GOOD-BYE! AND REMEMBER...



...REMEMBER... THERE AREN'T ANY GHOSTS! HEH! HEH!



...AREN'T ANY GHOSTS AT ALL!

Interesting guy that Satan, bebbing around Hades all day long looking for souls to do business of the flesh beyond compare (homina homina)! But watch it! ("It's a trap, Balman!") One pays

Satan's Secret



CLIENT: Ted Kennedy

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Signer shall be born into highly prominent political family and achieve the distinguished rank of Senior U.S. Senator. In return, his life will be plagued by sordid scandal and drunken debauchery, followed by his never-ending attempts to redeem himself in the public eye, all of which make him look even more like an incoherent, sex-crazed buffoon. In addition, signee must live with the stigma that of the three legendary brothers in his family, he was the only one never to "shock-up" with Marilyn Monroe.

CLIENT: Howard Stern

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Undersigned, despite his blatantly sexist views and physical appearance bordering on the utterly hideous, will possess the eerie power to coerce foxy women into exposing their breasts to him at his command. In return, he must marry at an early age, condemning himself to a tortuously frustrating life of imagining "what might have been," as topless babes jiggle their goodies mere centimeters away from his gigantic, misshapen nose, while he is helpless to taste the forbidden fruit.

CLIENT: Tom Arnold

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Undersigned shall find himself on top of the TV sitcom world without ever saying, doing, writing or participating in anything remotely funny. In return, he shall be required to marry an unattractive, excessively large, obnoxious, irritating, some would say grotesque, repugnant and vile, whiny-voiced bitch/comedienne with barnyard manners and a propensity for pulling deviant and truly pathetic media stunts.

s with. He'll promise you anything! Worldly possessions, fame, riches, not to mention pleasures
s a heavy price making a deal with the devil, and if you don't believe us, see for yourself in...

Pacts... Revealed!

WRITER MARK HUDIS ARTIST DREW FRIEDMAN



CLIENT: Rush Limbaugh

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Undersigned shall host the most listened to talk show on radio, achieving cult status and becoming a living god to millions of Conservative-thinking Americans of all ages. In return, his antiquated and offensive views on feminist issues will completely alienate and turn off all women liberal enough to even consider going out with an obnoxious, overgrown bag of fat and mucus such as himself.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #329, JUL-AUG. 1994

CLIENT: Clint Eastwood

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Signatory shall rise to the very top of his profession as a lauded Academy Award-winning auteur and internationally famous motion picture star. In return, he must go through life with the use of only one facial expression.

CLIENT: *Saturday Night Live*

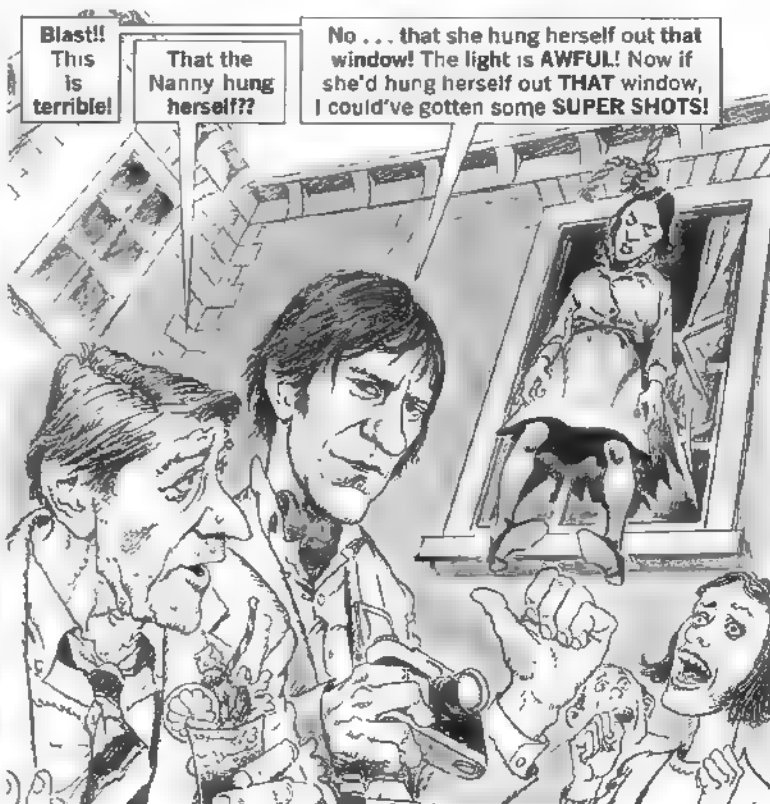
TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Despite sketches that go plodding on forever and a marginal talent pool, undersigned shall enjoy a longevity usually reserved for only extraordinary television programs. In return, cast regulars must endure a never-ending barrage of reviews pointing out "It's not as funny as it was in the early days." In addition, for every successful spin-off project (see *Wayne's World*) a cast member gets involved in, there will be no less than three catastrophic failure spin-off projects (see *So I Married An Axe Murderer*, *Coneheads* and *Wayne's World 2*).

The Devil means big business for the movie industry these days. First came "Rosemary's Baby"... then "The Exorcist"... and now, this latest film. It's apparent movie fans go for...

THE O

6+6
=16

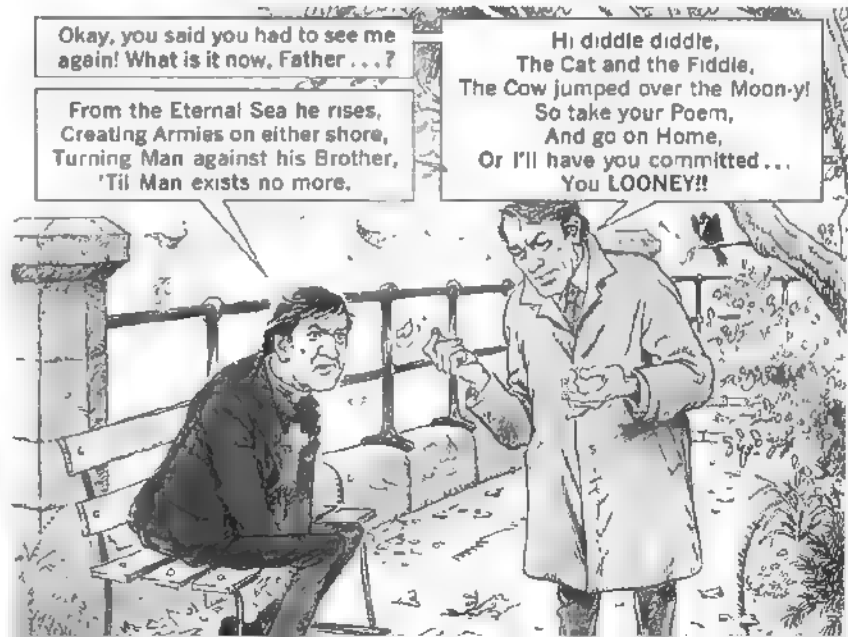
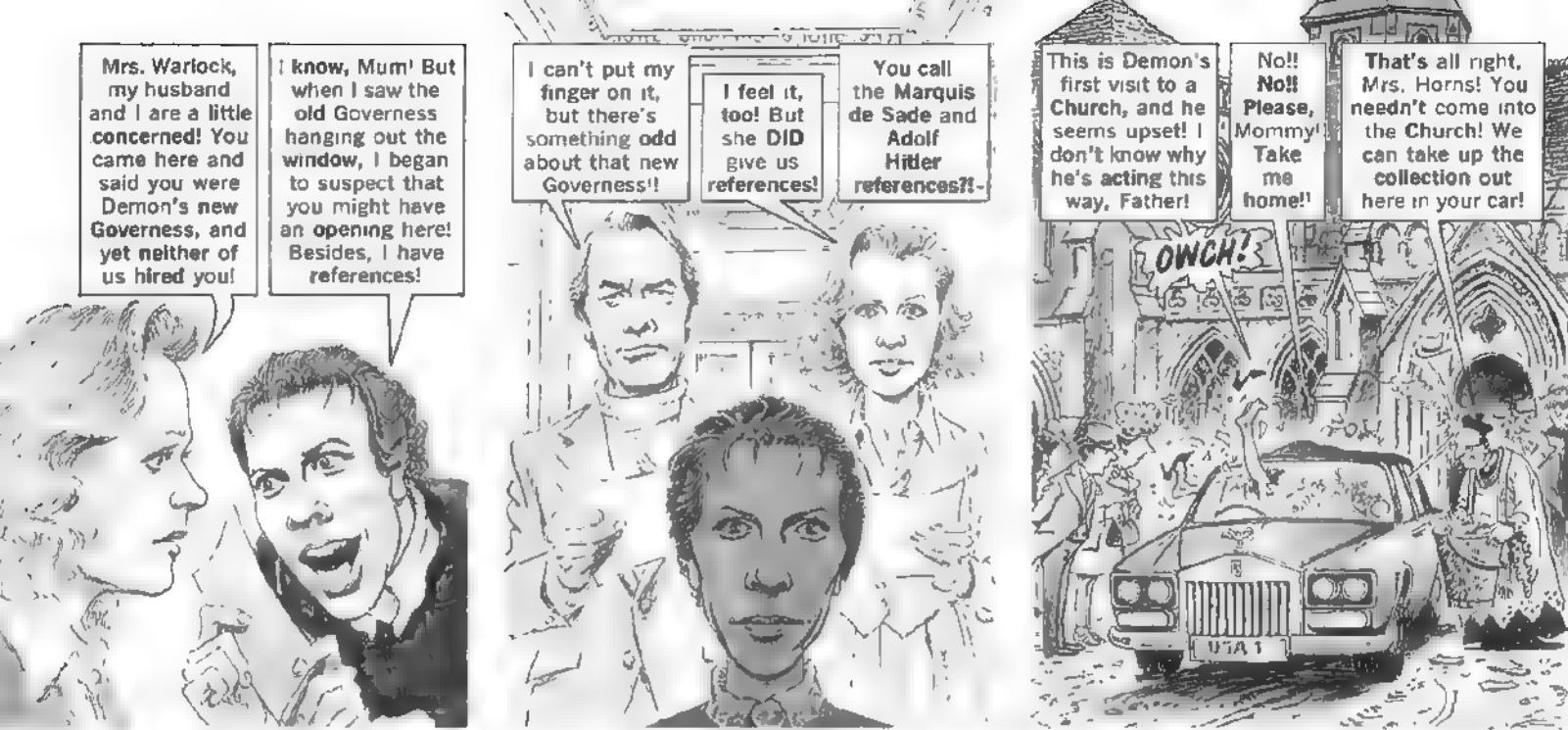
* SCARY! how horrible we are at math!

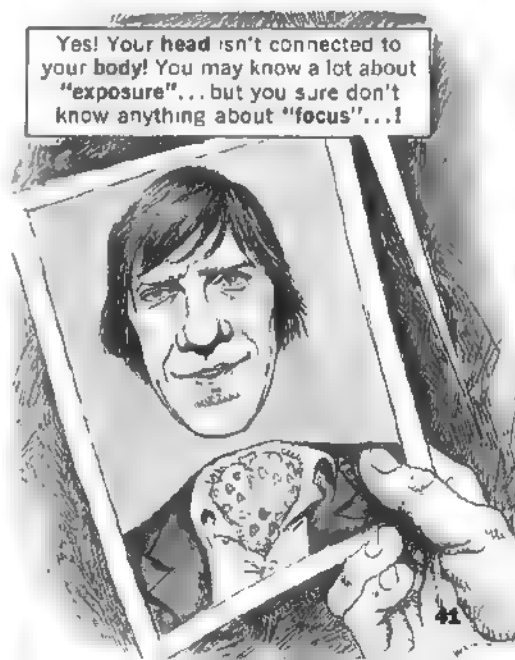
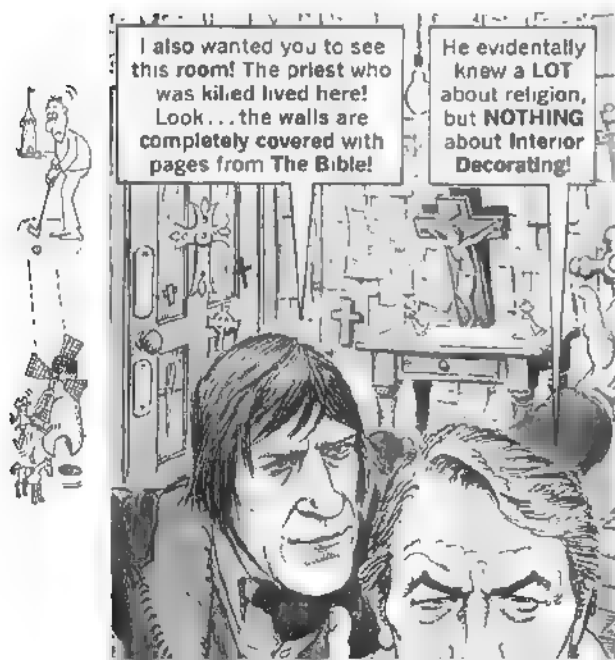
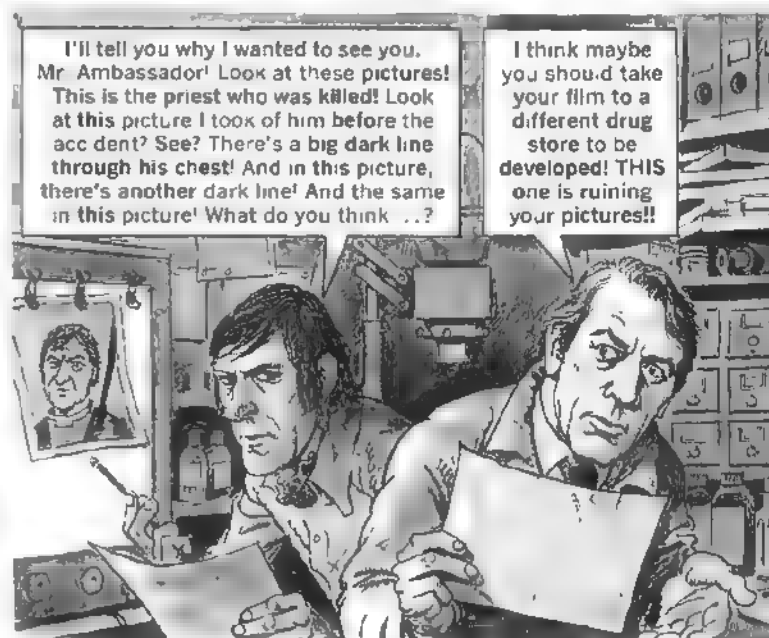
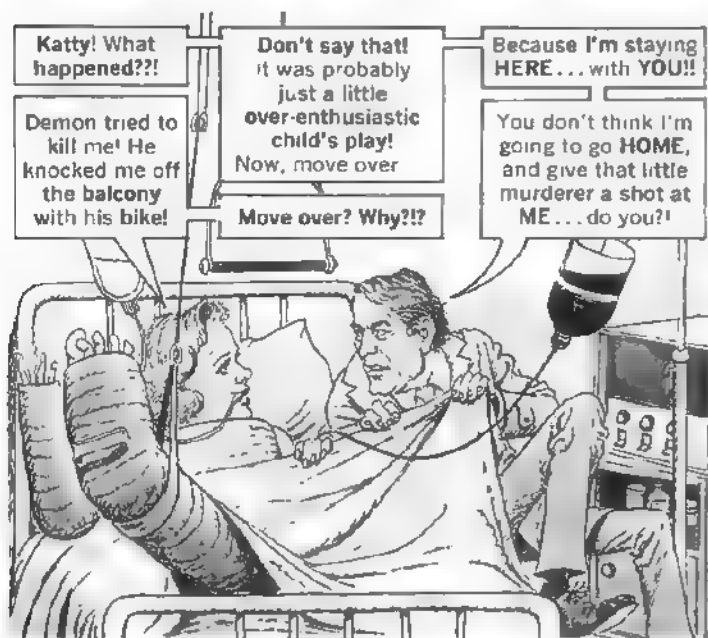
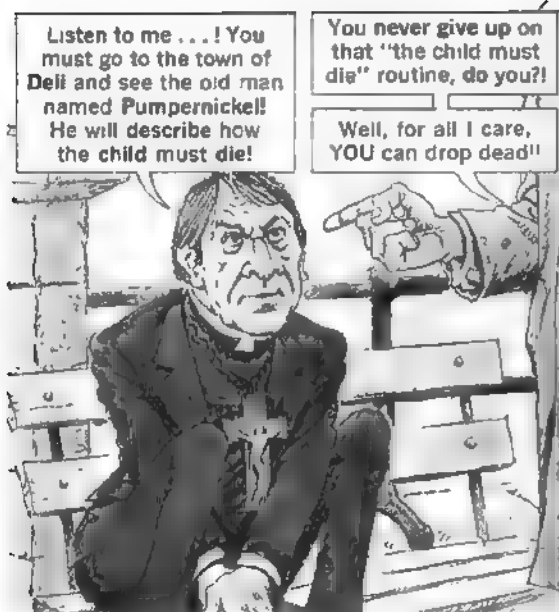




ARTIST HARRY NORTH, ESQ.







I'm looking for the birth records from five years ago, Sister, but I understand there was a fire! Did the records burn?

No... they were stored in the basement—

—where they were ruined by the water they used to put out the fire!

Thank God!

Well, there was a priest here five years ago! He was tall... good looking... with beautiful piercing eyes and dark skin—

Please! Stop!

You know who I mean???

No... but you're turning me ON!!



The priests of the Monastery at Las Zagna were right! Father Splatto IS here! That's him!

He—he fell from Grace!

But... that doesn't explain his terrible condition!!

Grace was on the fifth floor! He was visiting her when the fire broke out!

He can't talk! He just writes!

Good Lord, What happened to him?



Father, tell me! Where is the real mother of my son? TALK TO ME! TALK TO ME!!

He's writing something!! He's writing, "D-O-N-T... S-H-O-U-T—" DON'T SHOUT!!



Now, he's writing something else! He's writing, "6-6-6"!!

Does that equal the "Diabolical Trinity," Father?

No... he says, "it equals 16"!

He's forgotten his religion!

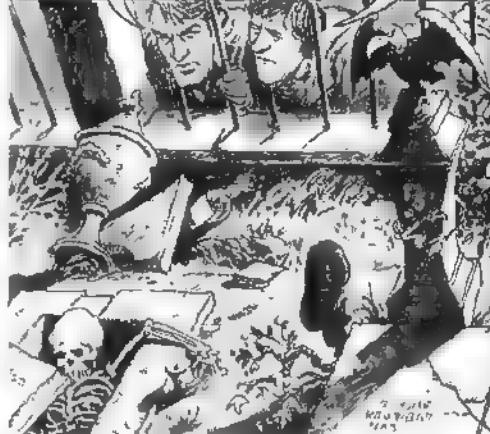
AND his Math!!



Are you sure this is the place the priest described?

He said it was a desolate place, wrecked and strewn with bodies! What other place fits the description?

The Howard Johnson Motor Lodge, down the road!!



This is the grave where the real mother of my son was supposed to be buried! But all we've found inside is the skeleton of an animal! It looks like a WOLF!!

Well... at least now you know why your son stays up all night and bays at the moon!



We're being attacked by dogs!! I think they're MAD!!

Well, let's just say they're NOT PLEASED! They must be looking for a bone!

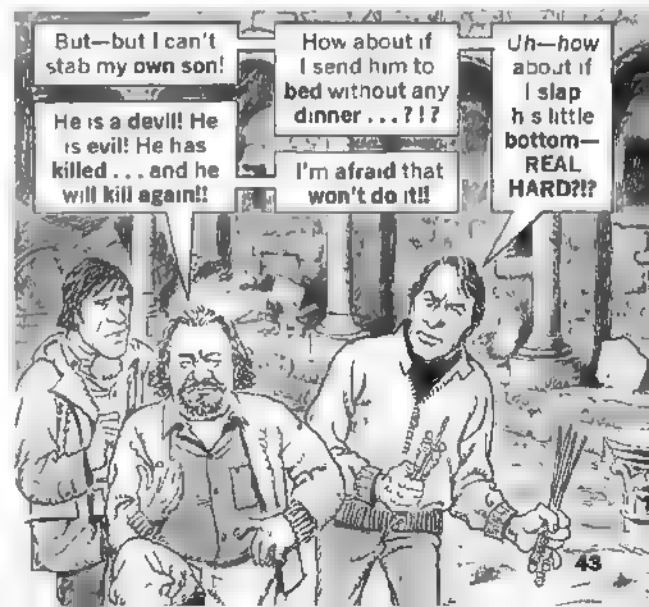
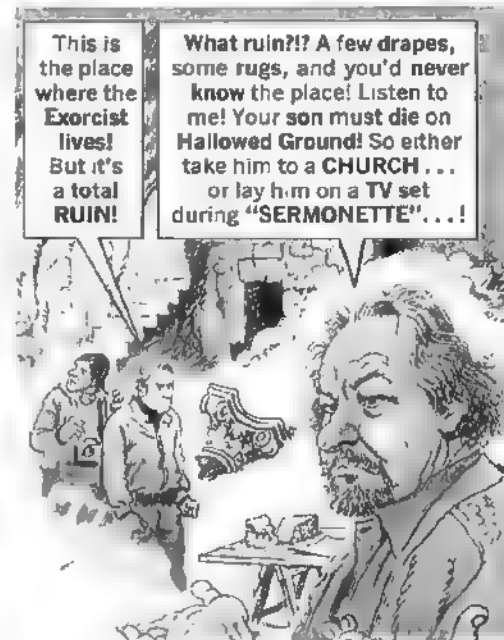
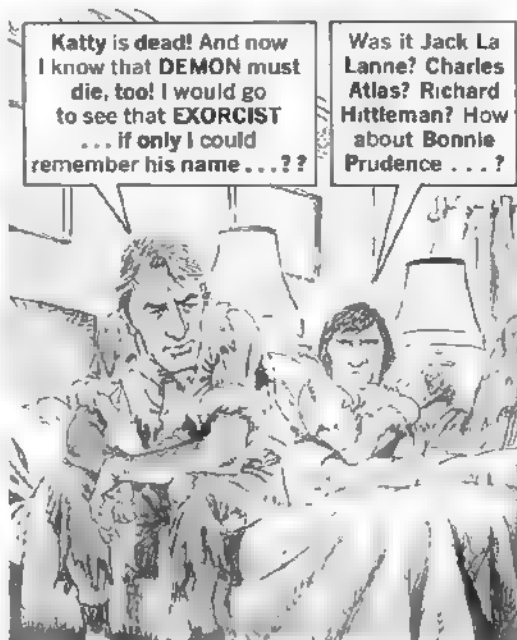
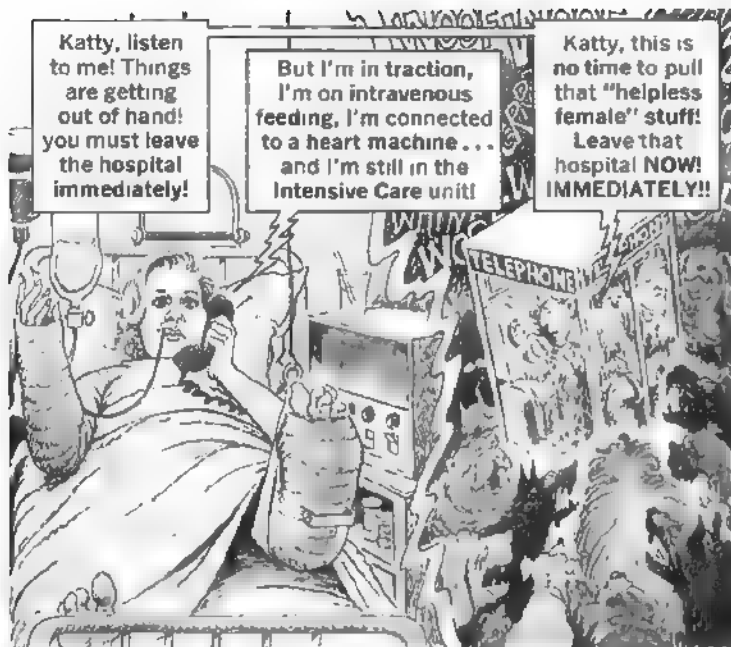
In a CEMETERY???

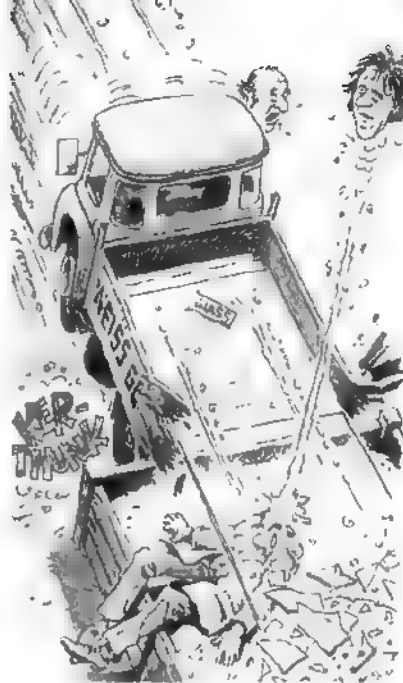
There must be forty million bones here! They're looking for MEAT!!

But we don't HAVE any meat!

YOU tell THEM that!!







JUST BELOW THE SURFACE

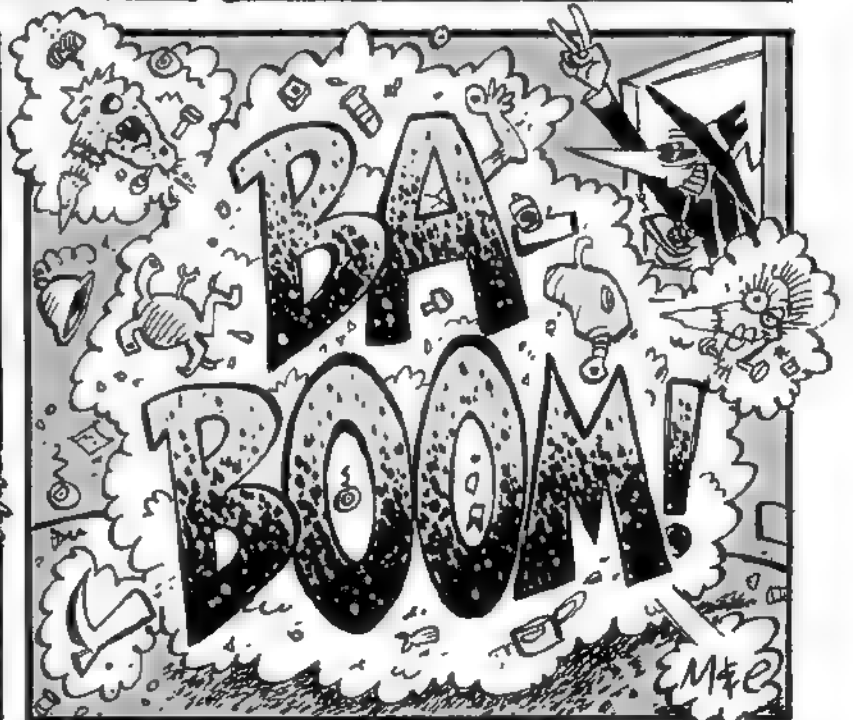
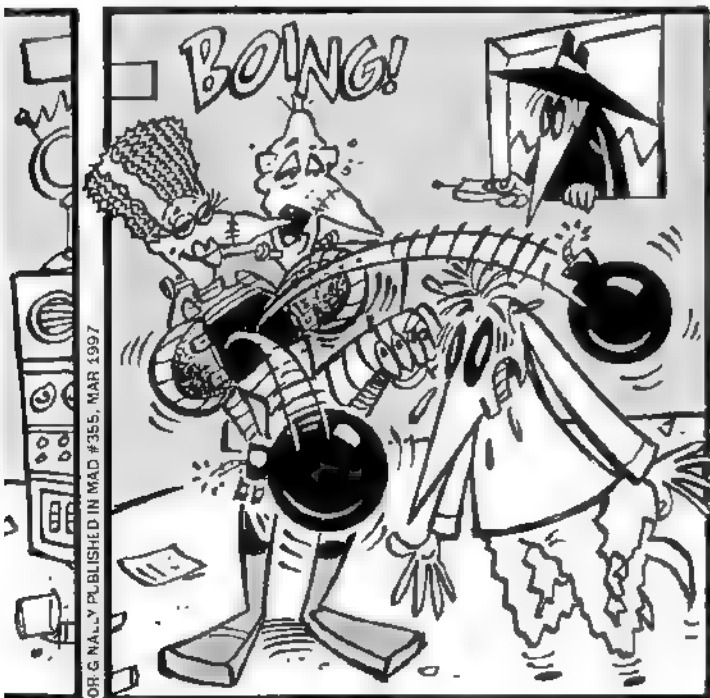
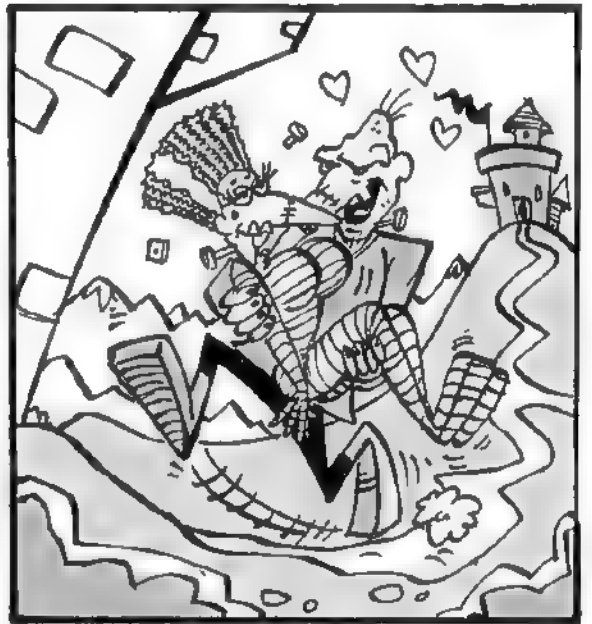
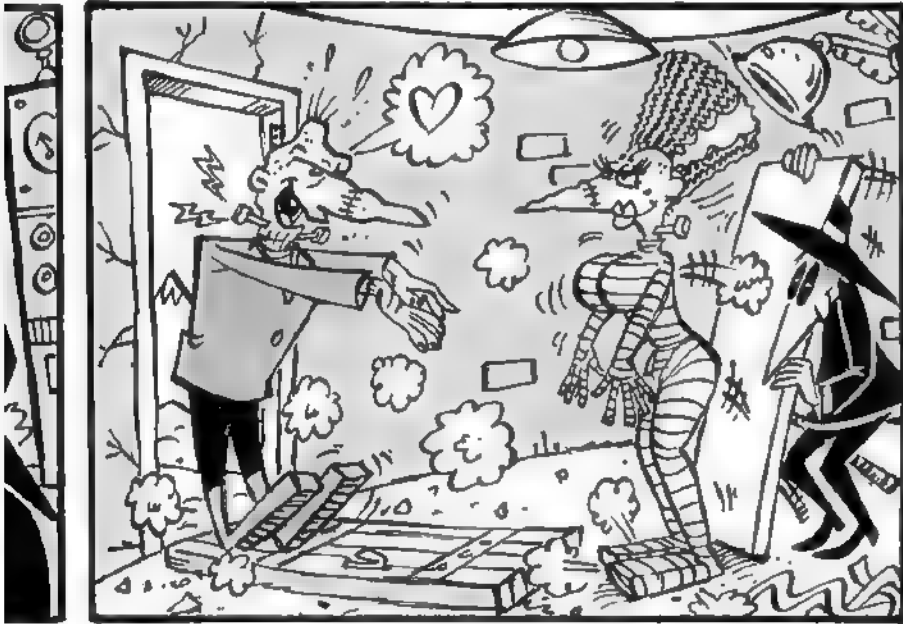
WRITER & ARTIST DOUGLAS PASZKIEWICZ





WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST DAVE MANEK





Those damn kids! They were always yelling about "The Establishment"! I got sick and tired of hearing about "The Establishment"!!

I hate big-mouth fresh kids!

And then there was that lack of respect they showed for their elders, saying, "Never trust anybody over thirty!"!

I hate big-mouth fresh kids!

And then there was all their screaming about politicians in high places being "warmongers" and "immoral" and "corrupt"!

OH... HOW I HATE THEM BIG-MOUTH FRESH KIDS!!

Especially when they're right!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

COR.

Look what I got! Pete Moss sold me this hundred dollar radio for only fifteen bucks!!

Pete Moss? He works in a warehouse! Don't you realize he stole that radio! That man is nothing but a common criminal!!

Don't say that about ol' Pete! He's a Church-going man! I bowl with him every Friday! Besides, pilfering is a victimless crime! The warehouse is insured!!

Hey! This radio doesn't work!

THOSE MAUFACTURERS ARE ALL A BUNCH OF DIRTY LOUSY CROOKS!



I told you not to speed! Now that Cop is signalling for you to pull over to the side . . .

Don't worry! I have a system! There's a ten dollar bill in my license! The Cop simply removes it, and lets me go! It works every time!

Let me see your license!

Surely, Officer!

HEY, MR.!! ARE YOU TRYING TO BRIBE ME WITH THIS TEN DOLLAR BILL?!

Huh? Er—oh, no, Officer!! I don't know HOW that ten dollar bill got into my license!

I meant to put in a TWENTY!

That's better!



RUPTION



WRITER & ARTIST DAVE BERG

My daughter is a regular Hippie . . . hooked on Heroin!

And my long-haired son goes around all day like a zombie . . . from Pot!

Not like you! You're a straight kid, a perfect gentleman!

Your hair is cut short, and you wear a neat clean suit and tie!

What's more, I hear that you're self-supporting . . . that you make a nice living!

Tell us . . . what do you do?

I sell drugs to your kids!



I got a passing mark on my term paper!

Oh, wow! How'd you get it?

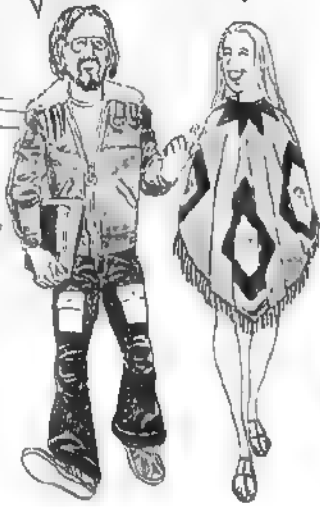
I didn't! Charlie McGilla got it FOR me, after he got HIS!

Oh . . . ? So what did you get?

An "A+ "!

And what'd Charlie McGilla get . . . ?

FIFTY BUCKS!!



My goodness, Harriet! Why are you wearing that neck brace?

I was in a terrible auto accident!

While I was backing up, this jerk in a parked car slammed into me, and I suffered this painful whiplash! So now, I'm suing him!

When will you be able to take off the neck brace?

Every doctor gives me the same answer . . .

The moment I win the case!



I'll be frank! You've got a problem!

Oh, my God! I've got an incurable disease!

Calm down! You don't have an incurable disease! All it calls for is a minor operation! It can be done right here in my office!

Oh . . . that's a relief!

Now, the procedure will cost you \$500 . . . or \$300 if you pay me in cash so I don't have to declare it!

But if I pay you in cash, I can't deduct it!

Like I said . . . you've got a problem!



Excuse me, Warden!
Number 87654 asks
for permission
to speak to you!

Okay!
Send
him
in . . .

Oh, yes! You're the
ex-politician who
misappropriated half
a million dollars in
campaign contributions
for your personal use?

That's right, sir!

Okay! What
can I do
for you?

Well, my Cellmate
is in here for
"purse snatching"—

—and I think it's beneath
my station to share my cell
with a **COMMON CRIMINAL!**

That's a rather
expensive-looking
slide rule! Where
did you get it?

I stole
it
from
school!

You—you **STOLE** it?!? What's
happening in this country?!?
There's a total moral break-
down! These are the first days
of the **LAST** days! Don't you
know it's dishonest to steal?!?

If you wanted a slide
rule that badly, why
didn't you **TELL** me!

I would've brought one
home from the **OFFICE!!**

What kind of dumb kids have
we brought up? They take
foreign substances like drugs,
and they deliberately inject
them into their bodies in
order to dull their senses
and scramble their brains!

Not only that, but they
become addicted! Every
time the pressure is on,
they escape by using
these drugs they've
become dependent upon!

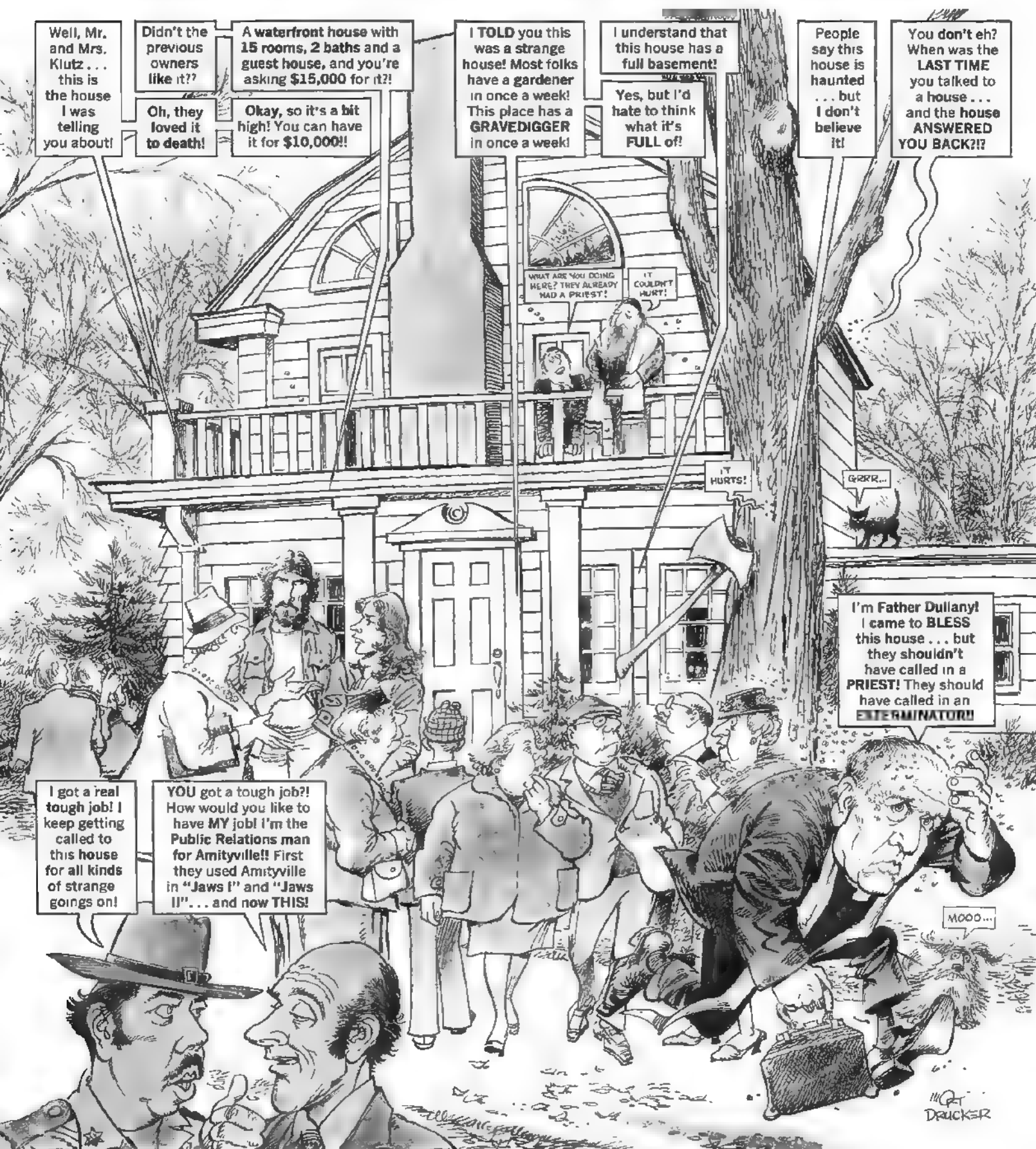
I want to run . . .
to seek sanctuary
. . . to find some
place, some thing
that will wipe out
this awful truth
from my mind!

I
know
the
very
place
and
thing!

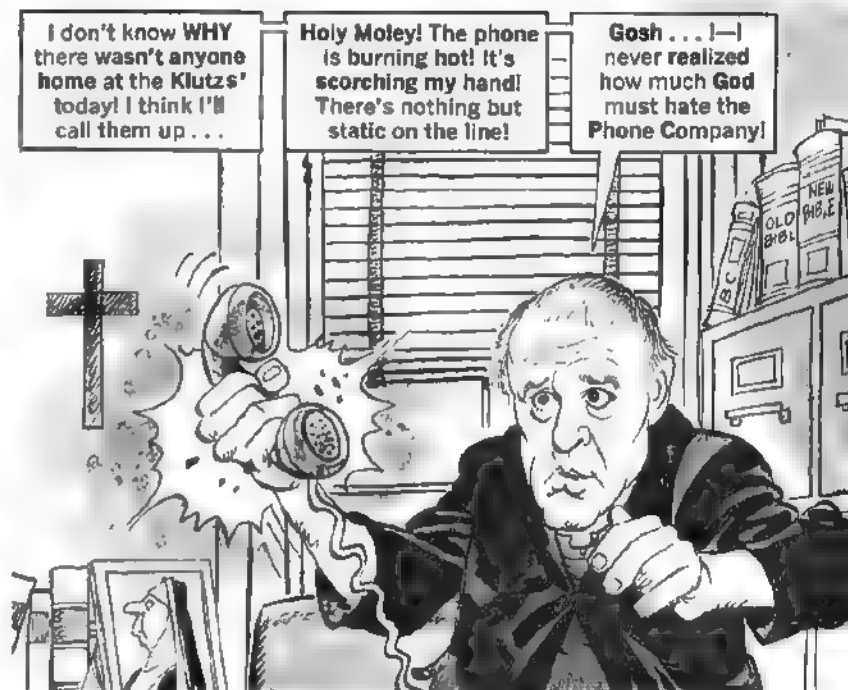




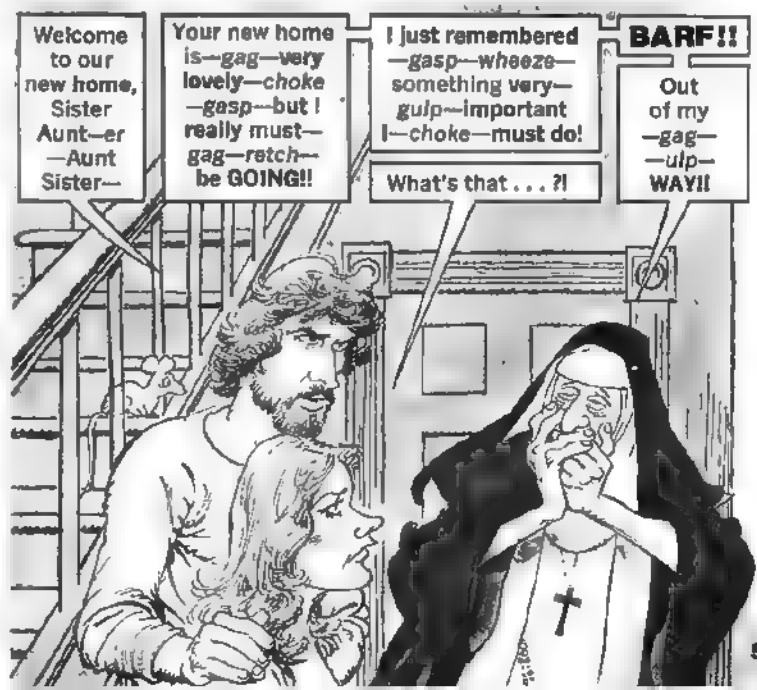
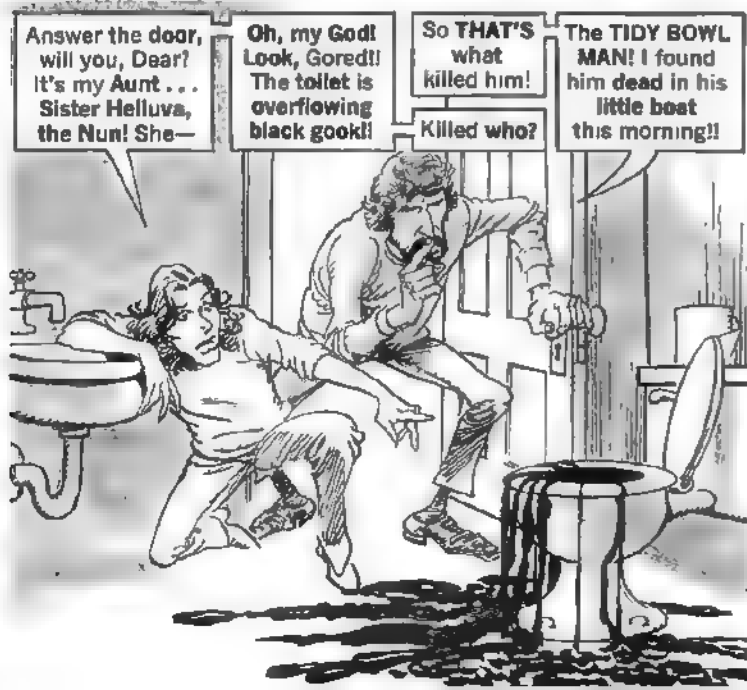
Recently, there was a horror film that made the rounds which had as its advertising slogan, "FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET OUT!" Well, not until millions of moviegoers had paid their admissions fees did they realize that it was a warning to the audience—to GET OUT OF THE THEATER before this "horror" unfolded on the screen! But the warning had come too late to save both their money, and them from suffering through



THE CALAMITYVILLE HORROR



WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**



Gored, please come to bed!

Soon! I just want to put another log on the fire!

You and that—that **FIRE!** I can't stand it any more!

What gets you so upset about me making a fire??

Because . . . you idiot . . . we don't have a fireplace!



There's something wrong in that house the Klutzes' are living in, I tell you! We tried to **DRIVE OVER** there, and what happened?!

The brakes failed, . . . and the gas pedal stuck . . . and the steering wheel column broke . . . !!

What's so strange about that?! You **DID** borrow the **BRAND NEW CAR** we were going to raffle off next Sunday night!!



I tell you, the **DEVIL** is in that house!!

You're making too much out of this!! If you don't stop, we'll have to make you a **SAINT!**

But you have to be **DEAD** to be a Saint!

NOW you're starting to get the idea!!



This plate of cookies is for **Blamey** . . . and that empty plate of imaginary cookies is for **Blamey's** imaginary friend, **Jokey!**

Gee, if **Blamey** has an imaginary friend, do I get paid extra for babysitting two kids?!

Sure! Your imaginary extra money is under the plate!!



Why didn't you let the Babysitter out of the closet?!

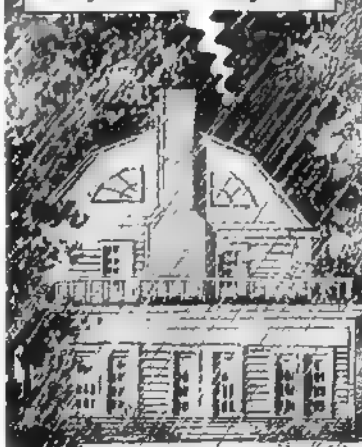
She didn't say "**Please!**" . . .

My God! Our daughter has become a **SADIST!**

Yes . . . but a well-mannered sadist! She **DID** expect the Babysitter to say "**Please!**"



. . . and it will be **CLEAR** tonight, except for a very local freak storm! A very, **VERY** local freak storm . . . just over that old, weird, scary house in **Amityville!**



Gored, I—I dreamed that you murdered the whole family with your **AXE!!**

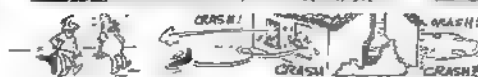
Nonsense! Now, go back to sleep!

I can't! My pillow seems so **HARD!**

I **KNEW** I hid my axe under **ONE** of these pillows!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #214, APR 1980



What do you mean, it was a burglar?!? The door was broken OUT ... from the INSIDE! A burglar breaks IN! Not OUT!

Maybe it was his first job, and he was confused! What IS strange, though, is that everything happens in this house at exactly 3:15 on your bedroom clock!

That's not so strange! Our bedroom clock is broken! It ALWAYS says 3:15!

Your business partner's new house gives me the creeps! Let's go inside!

But I thought you said it gives you the creeps!

It DOES!! I love having the creeps!

Hi! Come on in—and make yourselves at home!

Thanks! I'll just go down the cellar!

The cellar?!

Yeah! That's where I'm at home!!



This WALL is where the demons go back and forth at night!

Hey! What are you going to do?!

I'm gonna put in a revolving door! Maybe then those demons will make less noise, and let us get some sleep at night!

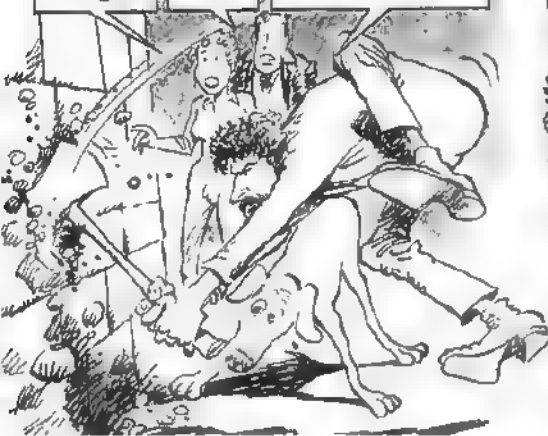
Gored, let's rent an apartment!

I don't want to live in an apartment!

Not for us, dummy! For the GHOSTS! I want to move to where there's sunshine and blue sky!

Where? Florida?

No, across the street!!



Good Lord ... the windows are breaking ... and the wallpaper is oozing puss ... and the stairs are bleeding ... !!

We shouldn't have taken a MORTGAGE on this place! We should have taken a MAJOR MEDICAL POLICY on it! Let's get out of here ... for good!



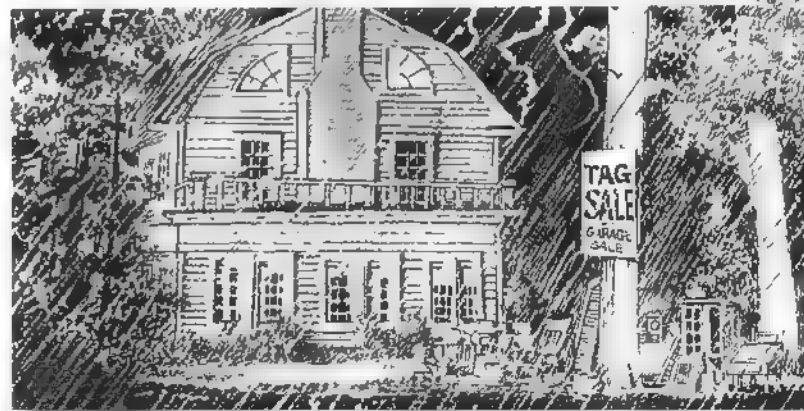
C'mon, Nipper, we're all leaving! Hey, Nipper ... I KNOW I'm covered with black goop, but it's ME!

Schmuck, I know it's you!! Why do you think I'm biting you?!

I'd rather stay here with the GHOSTS! They're a lot saner than OUR family is!



The Klutzs left their house and never went back for their personal belongings. They didn't have to! With the million bucks they've made from the book ... and a few million more from the movie ... why would they want any of that old junk, anyway?!



ZOMBIE FUN PAGE

FAVORITE DOG BREEDS OF THE ZOMBIE COMMUNITY

WRITER JEFF KRUSE
ARTIST TOM BUNK



**MOLDEN
RETRIEVER**

ROTTINGWEILER

BLOODHOUND
(Duh!)

**STENCH
POODLE**

BORDER COLLIE
(some zombies have
conventional taste)

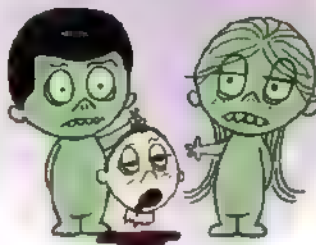
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #514 APR 2012

ZOMBIE
love is...



...holding hands.

ZOMBIE
love is...



...helping her get a head.

WRITER & ARTIST SCOTT NICKEL

ZOMBIE
love is...



...sharing your heart.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #508 APR 2011

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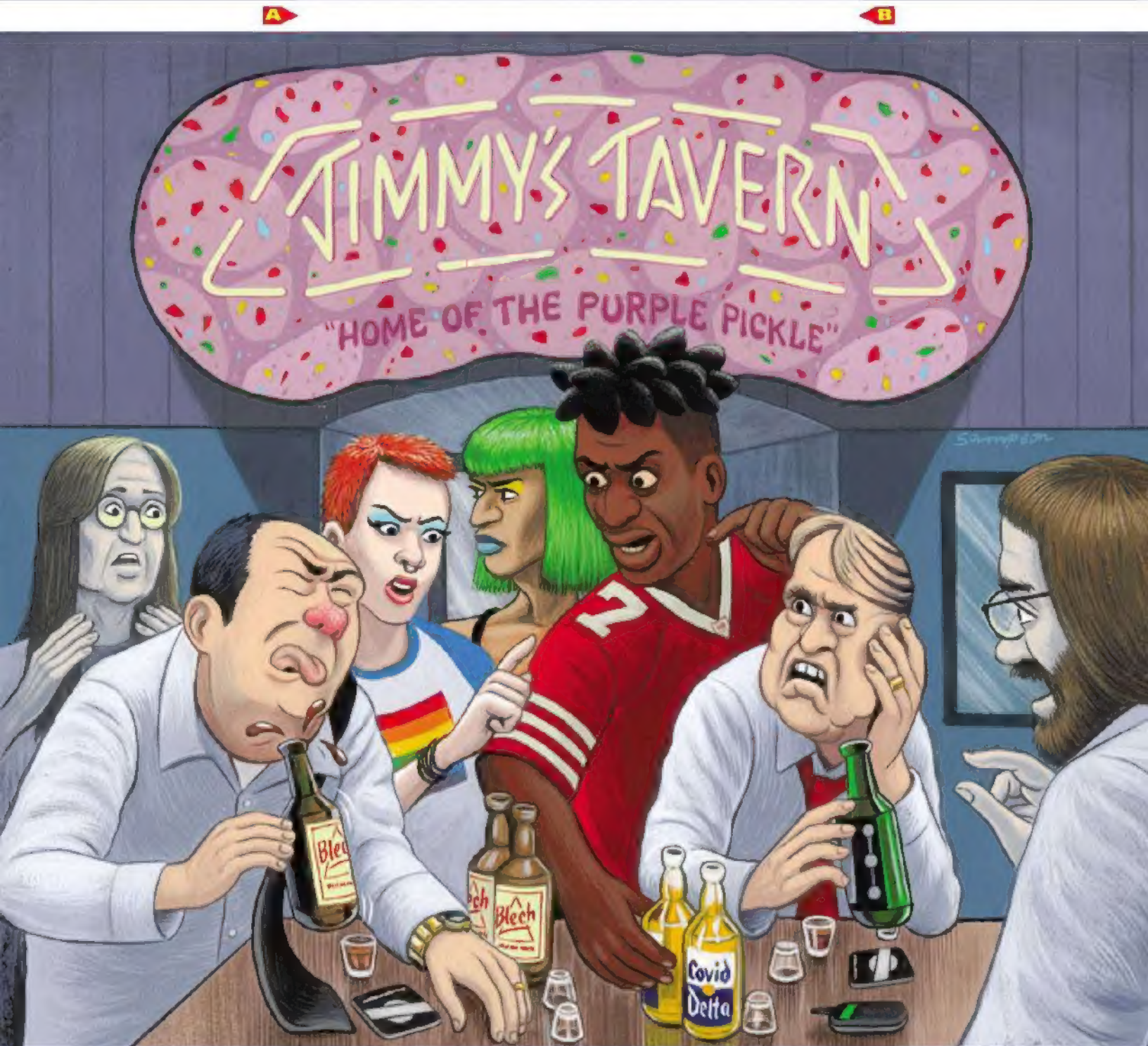
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DESPITE OUR MANY
DIFFERENCES, WHAT
DO WE ALL HAVE IN
COMMON DEEP
INSIDE OF US?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

It seems that people have always been, and will always be, unwaveringly divided. Opposing cultural and political attitudes often result in fiery confrontations. Though our differences may seem irreconcilable, a new discovery shows that deep within, there is something that connects us all together. To see what that is, fold-in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



ANTIPATHY AS EXPRESSED BY HOSTILE GIMICKRY IS A COMMON SIGHT IN MAJOR METROPLEXES. DISAGREEMENTS CAN SEEM EVERLASTING, AND DESPITE WHAT THE DEMOGRAPHICS MAY BE, THIS ONE THING UNITES US ALL.



WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON



DESPITE OUR MANY
DIFFERENCES, WHAT
DO WE ALL HAVE IN
COMMON DEEP
INSIDE OF US?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



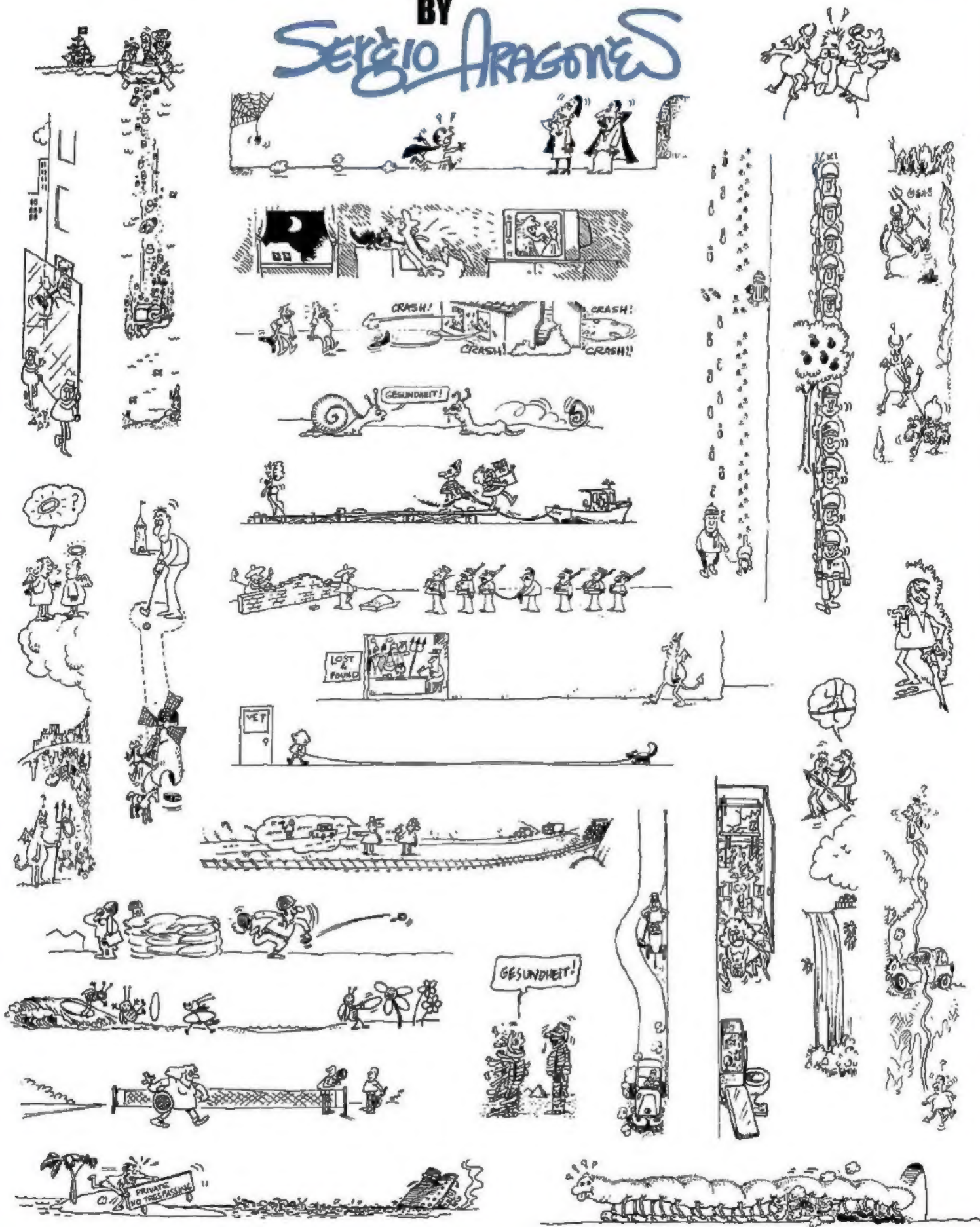
MICRO-
PLAS-
TICS

A B

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

BY
SERGIO ARAGONES





Good things begin to happen when you find one of 'em in your soup

(mainly, you got a chance to beat the check!)

Weekly allowance running short? Just reach for a can of Sham-bugs. It takes only a few short minutes to solve your embarrassing financial predicament.

Yes, good things begin to happen when you float a "Sham-bug" in your school lunch soup, mainly because it gives you the chance to blow your top, and stalk out without paying the check.

Good things for Daddy, too—because those high-priced fancy restaurants he dines in are particularly susceptible to this sure-fire old gag.

There are many kinds of Sham-bugs to choose from. Also steel slivers, hairs, and broken glass if you're squeamish.

Hey . . . have you beaten a check today?



A MAD AD PARODY
ARTIST KELLY FREAS

Once a day... you don't pay... with *Sham-bug's*